Saturday Review
February 1, 1969 35¢

THE PULSE OF EARTH

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By John Lear

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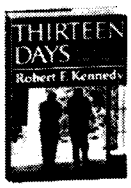

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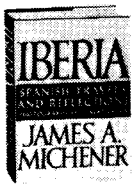

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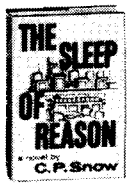

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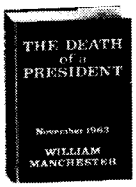

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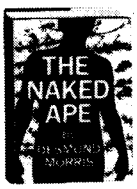

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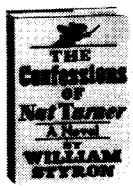

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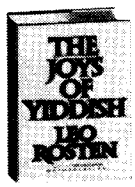

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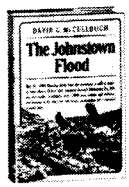

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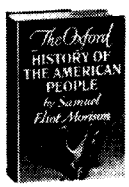

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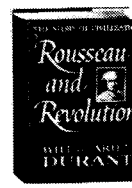

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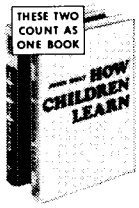

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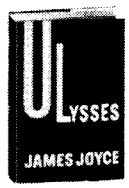

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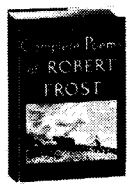

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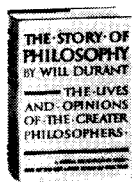

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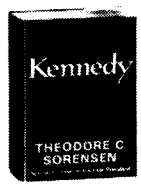

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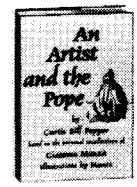

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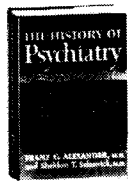

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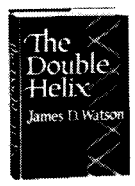

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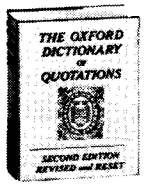

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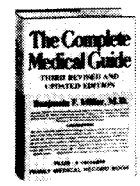

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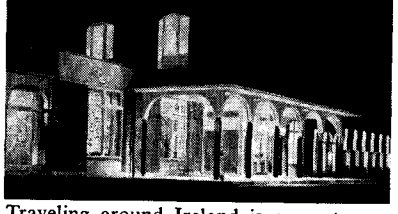

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First of the Month

Cleveland Amory

January was the month of Nixon and Namath, of Henry Cabot Lodge and Emil "Bus" Mosbacher, of David Packard and Walter Hickel, of different kinds of tables in Paris and the end of the boom on Wall Street.

The Super Bowl game was one which will be discussed for a long time. Did Namath's pregame blow-offs actually psyche not only the Jets but Baltimore too? Had Morrall in a single game in the entire season ever passed that badly? One thing was certain. There was, looking back, something very odd about the experts' odds. Who was it who defined an expert as the average guy away from home?

Our story about the Inauguration is a personal one—one that happened to our own brother. Our brother was born a Republican—he could not help it. It was an accident of birth, and when he was a little fellow, you could always find him, after school, out in the grassroots, beating the bushes for the Grand Old Party.

Why it seems only yesterday my brother and Calvin Coolidge were like two peas in a pod. After Herbert Hoover, of course, came evil days, but my brother never wavered. First it was Hoover against Roosevelt, and then, in 1936, Alf M. Landon. And when the chips were down and the votes were counted, there they were—Maine, Vermont, and my brother. Then came 1940, and who was in the gallery shouting "We want Willkie." Take a guess.

Then came, in 1952, the millennium, and my brother tasted, with Dwight D. Eisenhower, the sweet fruits of victory. All right, after Eisenhower, he had his differences with some of the party faithful—and even some of the unfaithful. My brother, for example, was not for Goldwater. He was for Rockefeller. And four years later, when it came to a choice between Nixon and Rockefeller, he called it on the button. Rockefeller.

But my brother was never hard-line GOP. And, as he waited quietly in Washington, he was hopeful—nay, even confident—that his years of service would not go unnoticed. And, sure enough, a few days before the Inauguration, he received a letter—one personally signed by none other than Mark Evans himself, chairman of the Inaugural Ball Committee. "It is my pleasure," Mr. Evans wrote, "to inform you of your appointment as a member of the Parking Committee."

The average man might have taken it hard. Not my brother. "They also serve, he told us firmly, "who only stand and park."

During the month, one of the most amazing stories was that the powers that be in Washington—not to mention those that were—saw fit to raise the salary of the President from $100,000 per annum to $200,000. Whew! Two hundred thousand dollars! Just for being President. And it seems only yesterday that everybody and his brother was hollering his head off about the fact that the President got only $25,000 a year and some baseball player, for Pete's sake—although it wasn't ol' Pete—got more than he did.

Then the President—it was Herbert Hoover as we remember—got raised to $40,000. But that very year a ballplayer by the name of Babe Ruth signed for $80,000. You remember—it was the Depression, and everyone was very interested in money like that, and somebody asked the Babe how he felt about getting twice as much as the President. "Well," said the Babe, "I had a better year than he did."

All gone now—gone with the wind. Nowadays it is true, we have a few baseball players—Mickey Mantle and Willie Mays for two—and even a couple of football players—Joe Namath for one—getting more than $100,000. But now our President's going to get $200,000—and before he's even thrown out the first ball.

All right, every boy can grow up to be President. But ask yourself—can every boy grow up to be Mickey Mantle or Willie Mays or Joe Namath? You think it's difficult to be President? All right, we give you George Dewey. That's not Tom Dewey, mind you—Admiral George Dewey. The hero of Manila Bay. Announcing his candidacy for the Presidency, on April 4, in the year of our Lord 1900, Admiral Dewey declared, and we quote, "If the American people want me for this high office, I shall be only too willing to serve them. Since studying the subject, I am convinced that the office of President is not such a very difficult one to fill."

On the magazine front, the big news was the demise of the ancient and honorable *Saturday Evening Post*—a magazine which many readers of this column will remember was never the same since an editor who shall be nameless handled "Post Scripts" during the Spanish War. Caskie Stinnett, the editor of *Holiday*, told us that at the *Post* mortem, publisher Martin Ackerman declared that not only did he still think he was right in cutting the circulation in half—to something more than 3,000,000—but actually he now feels he didn't cut far enough. Mr. Ackerman believes, Mr. Stinnett said, that if the *Post* had cut down to 1,000,000 subscribers, it could have made it. Such are the strange workings of Madison Avenue magazine economics these days.

On the theater front, we saw that the producers of the musical based on *Billy Budd*, which opens next month, have changed the name from *Billy Be Damned* to just plain *Billy*. The show, you see, will open at the Billy Rose Theatre. And with a title like that, you can't be too careful.

On the movie front, the Motion Picture Association of America continued to have trouble with its rating system—the X rating ("persons under sixteen prohibited, not admitted even with a parent") being, apparently, a terrific come-on. So far, six movies have won Brand X—*Greetings, Birds in Peru, Girl on a Motorcycle, Sin with a Stranger, The Miracle of Love,* and *The Killing of Sister George.* And they're all doing terrific business. But there was one piece of good news here. One movie, at least, made a real effort to go from an X rating to an M, or mature, rating. The movie: *You Don't Need Pajamas at Rosie's.* Did it with just one fifteen-second cut, too—not, we hope, in the pajamas.

Our column on the magnificent play *The Great White Hope* and our story of our difficulty running down the real story of Jack Johnson brought us a letter from an old friend and ball-park companion—Salty Ray Robinson, of *Good Housekeeping.* There was, Ray told us, a whole book on Johnson—*Black Champion* by Finis Farr, published by Scribner's in 1964. Knowing about the book, and getting our hands on it, however, were two different things—even Scribner's failed to produce a single lead, let alone a copy. But at length our search was rewarded, and the book—short as it is and drawing heavily on Johnson's own French book, *Mes Combats*—makes clear that if Mr. Johnson's life was not an easy one—he had not one but three white wives—he was an incredibly great fighter. He was, for example, so fast that it was said of him alone that "he could block a punch and hit you with the same hand." The book makes clear, too, that his first fights weren't easy. One was with a bully who had a confederate hidden behind one corner who, at a crucial point in the fight, joined in with a blackjack.

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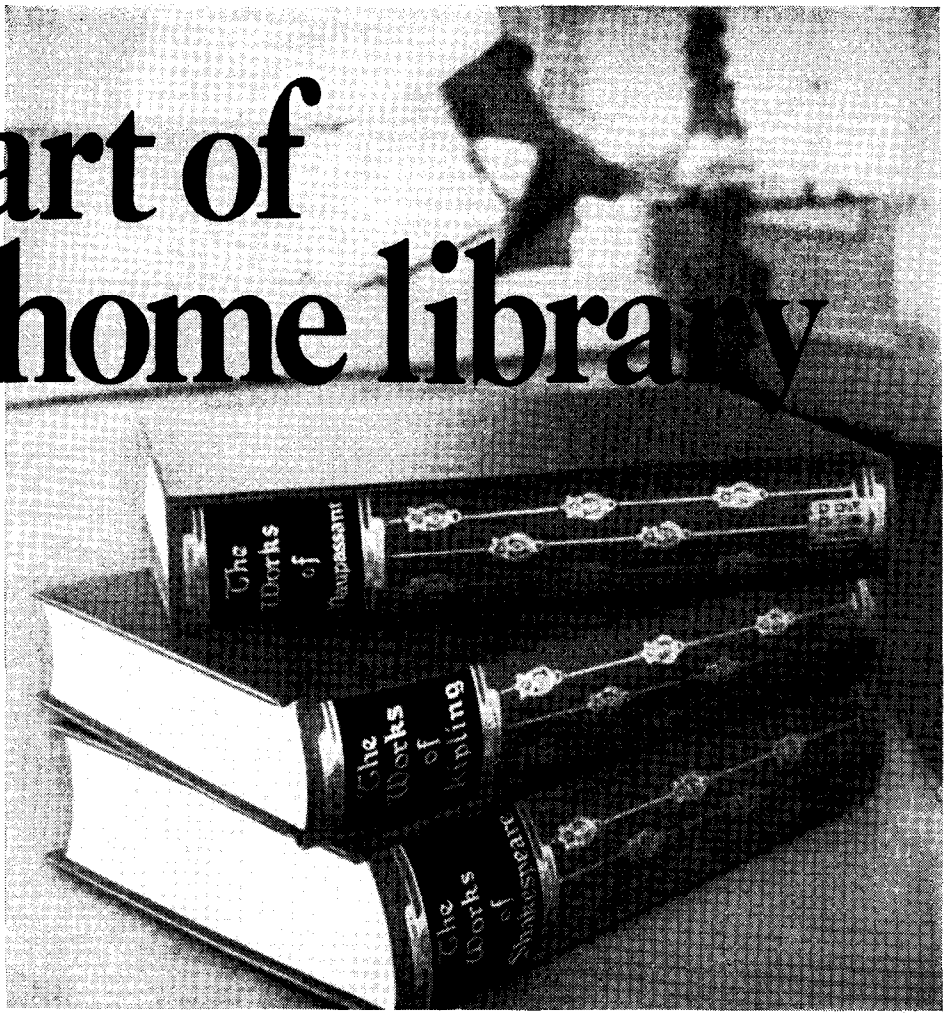

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Log of the "Apollo 8" and of the Boeing 727

DESPITE THE MIRACULOUS advances of science, man is born into a world of exasperating problems. And every new mystery guest who comes in a-kicking and a-screaming signs in on the world population blackboard without realizing the price he has to pay to join the exclusive club of Homo Sapiens, Inc.

I never realized it more than on the morning of December 27 when the moon men were threading their way through space at 25,000 miles an hour to return to this vale of tears and slow mail delivery.

As I watched the descent on the seven-inch screen of my desk's TV set, I wasn't making nearly that speed with the Customer Adjustment man at the toy store. I was trying to find out why the toy airplane I had purchased three weeks before as a Christmas present for Andy, a small boy in Prairie Village, Kansas, had not yet arrived there, two days after the holiday.

While the Customer Adjustment man went to track down the toy plane, I was avidly listening to the communications in space between *Apollo 8* and Houston control, known as CAPCOM, and between *Apollo 8* and the public affairs officer, PAO.

APOLLO 8: Houston, *Apollo 8*. How is your tracking looking?

CAPCOM: Looking great.

CUSADJ: Hello, what was that name again?

ME: Andy.

CUSADJ: Hold on. I'll check on it.

APOLLO 8: Everything went fine with the check. We are all armed and ready to go. Confirm go for pyro arm.

CAPCOM: *Apollo 8*, you are go for pyro arm. Everything is looking good.

APOLLO 8: Roger.

CUSADJ: Hello, Andy?

ME: Yes. No. Not Andy. Andy is in Prairie Village, Kansas.

CUSADJ: Is this a long-distance call?

ME: No. I'm go in New York. Andy's plane is no-go in Prairie Village, Kansas.

CUSADJ: What kind of a plane was that?

ME: It was all white, trimmed in blue, and with blue lettering that said BOEING 727.

CUSADJ: Hold on.

ME: OK. Roger.

CUSADJ: No, this is Ralph.

ME: Ralph, confirm.

PAO: This is Apollo control, Houston. Now the velocity acceleration pickup is quite dramatic. Let me give you a sample of how it is building, 23,303 feet per second, now; altitude 4,950 miles, 23,503. It has been stepping up here in these last few minutes in increments of 50 to 60 feet per second.

CUSADJ: Hello, Andy. I'm sorry this is taking so long. Now that Boeing 727, did it have the remote control?

ME: Yes it did. Remote control. You hold it in your hand and push seven buttons: 1) Start; 2) Turn the left; 3) Goes for ward; 4) Turn the right; 5) Goes for ward; 6) Goes backward; 7) Stops.

CUSADJ: You remember it pretty well.

ME: Well, I had to try it out for an hour or two on your floor there to see if it worked. I noticed a mistake there —"forward" is spelled as two words, but "backward" is one word.

CUSADJ: Are you calling to complain about the spell . . .

ME: No, no. What I'm complaining about is that the plane didn't splash down in Prairie Village, Kansas.

CUSADJ: Hold on.

ME: It shouldn't take this long to find one spaceship.

CUSADJ: Well, first, I have to find one saleswoman who sold it to you.

ME: Roger. Confirm saleswoman.

PAO: 146 hours, 57 minutes into the flight, and according to our estimates, they should be sitting in the water at 147 even. Recovery 2 within the last minute has reported they have a flashing light in sight.

CUSADJ: Did the plane have two flashing red lights on each side?

ME: Two flashing red lights, confirm. Roger.

PAO: At 146 hours and 58 minutes the lookout on the *Yorktown* reports a visual sighting. They must be close at hand.

CUSADJ: Hello, Andy, do you have a sales slip?

ME: No, I told you. I paid cash. The woman promised delivery before Christmas. It's a good thing I didn't buy one of those stagecoaches you have there. Why don't you contact *Yorktown*?

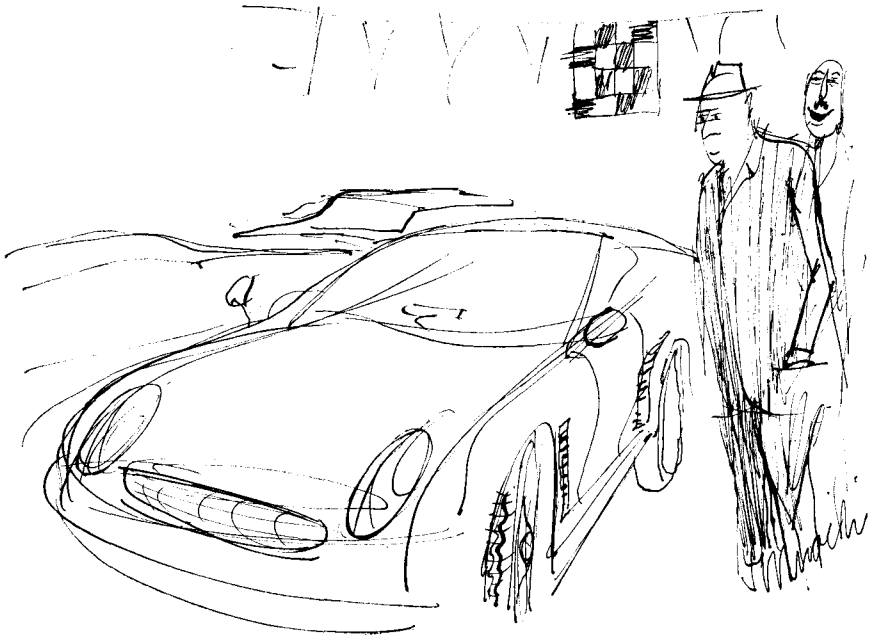
CUSADJ: I thought you said Prairie Village, Kansas.

PAO: Splashdown, at 146 hours and 58 minutes.

CUSADJ: Hello, are you there, Andy?

ME: Yes, I'm here at 47 hours and 58 minutes after Christmas. Goodbye, Ralph.

CUSADJ: Roger.



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A Dirty Business. By Leslie Edgley. Putnam. $4.50.

Nero Wolfe of West Thirty-Fifth Street: The Life and Times of America's Largest Private Detective. By William S. Baring-Gould. Viking. $5.50.

The Singapore Wink. By Ross Thomas. Morrow. $5.95.

The Telltale Corpus Delicti. By Bruce Sanders. Barnes. $4.95.

Fiction

The Dead in Guanajuato. By Phillip Rock. Meredith. $4.95.

The General. By Pierre Galante. Random House. $5.95.

The Good Life. By Douglass Wallop. Atheneum. $5.95.

Home Again Home Again. By Anthony Robinson. Morrow. $5.95.

NOG. By Rudolph Wurlitzer. Random House. $4.95.

On the Mountain. By Dion Henderson. McKay. $3.95.

The Only Game in Town. By Frank D. Gilroy. Random House. $4.50.

Richer Than All His Tribe. By Nicholas Monsarrat. Morrow. $6.95.

A Stronger Climate. By R. Prawer Jhabvala. Norton. $4.95.

Theodora. By Samuel Edwards. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

The Vines of Yarrabee. By Dorothy Eden. Coward-McCann. $6.95.

Whipple's Castle. By Thomas Williams. Random House. $6.95.

Winter's Tales 14. Edited by Kevin Crossley-Holland. St. Martin's. $5.95.

Government, Politics

85 Days: The Last Campaign of Robert Kennedy. By Jules Witcover. Putnam. $6.95.

Latin American Radicalism. Edited by Irving Louis Horowitz Josué De Castro, and John Gerassi. Random House. $10.

Power in the Kremlin: From Khrushchev to Kosygin. By Michel Tatu. Viking. $10.

Public Papers of the Secretaries-General of the United Nations. Vol. I: Trygve Lie 1946-1953. Edited by A. W. Cordier and W. Foote. Columbia. $15.

Return of the Swastika? By Brigadier the Lord Russell of Liverpool. McKay. $4.50.

The Unfinished Odyssey of Robert Kennedy. By David Halberstam. Random House. $4.95.

History

The Arabs: A Short History. By Philip K. Hitti. St. Martin's. $5.95. (New edition.)

The Divine Order: Western Culture in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. By Henry Bamford Parkes. Knopf. $12.50.

The Kings Depart: Tragedy of Germany; Versailles and the German Revolution. By Richard M. Watt. Simon & Schuster. $10.

International Affairs

The Age of Discontinuity: Guidelines to Our Changing Society. By Peter F. Drucker. Harper & Row. $7.95.

Dialogue with Ishmael: Israel's Future in the Middle East. By Aubrey Hodes. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.95.

The Unredeemed: Anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. By Ronald I. Rubin. Quadrangle. $10.

Literary History, Criticism

The Battle of Silence. By Vercors. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

The Critical Temper: From Milton to Romantic Literature. By Martin Tucker. Ungar. $15.

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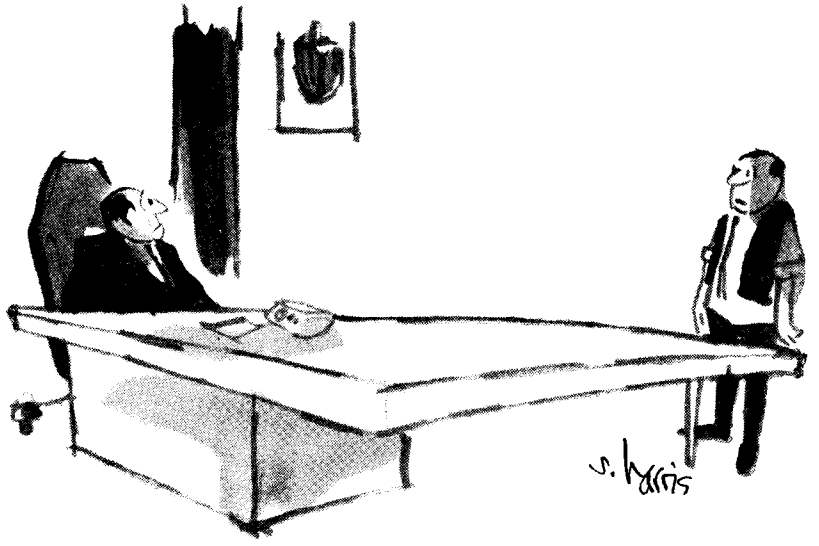
(*Continued on page* 63)



"Well you see, sir, down in the bookkeeping department I'm swamped with work—papers, ledgers, directories—and well, sir, what I really could use is your desk."

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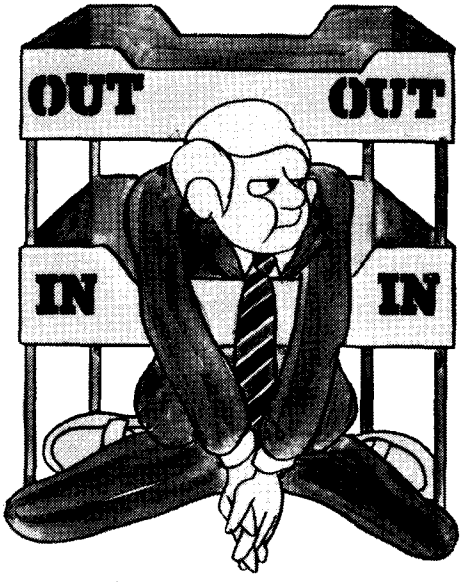

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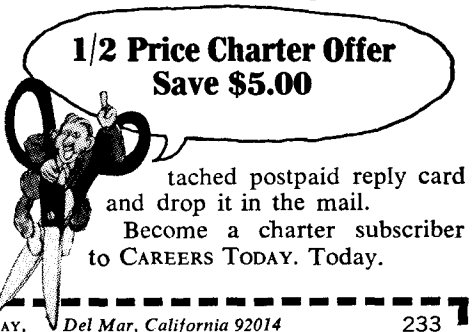

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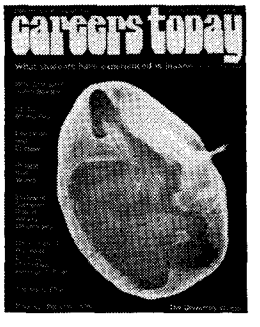

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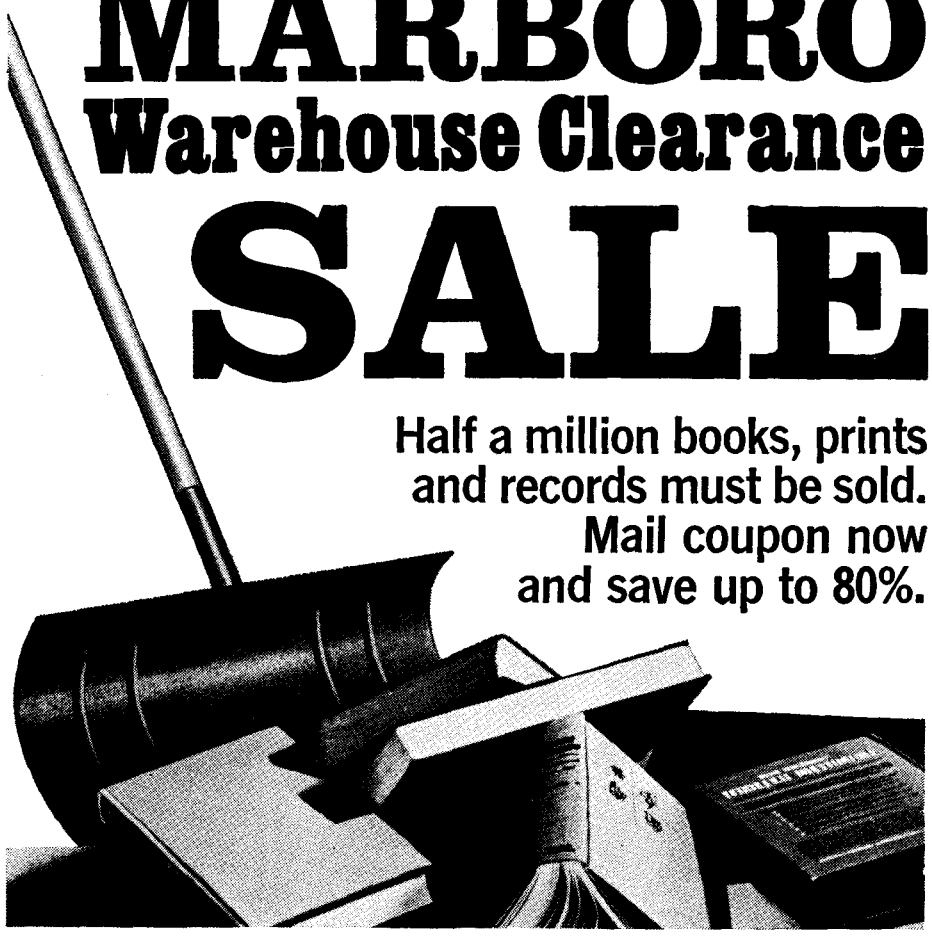

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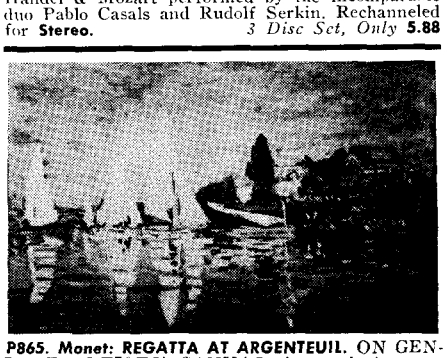

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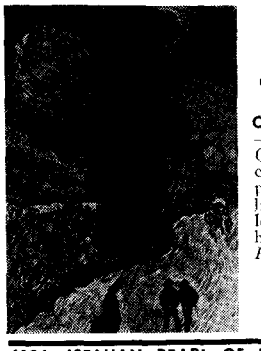

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

A couple of new (to me) Sam Goldwyn stories have been reported by S. N. Behrman. One concerns Groucho Marx's annoyance because Goldwyn never failed to greet him by asking, "How's Harpo?" One day the men met and Goldwyn said, "How's Harpo?" Groucho exploded. "Look, Sam, for twenty-five years, every time we see each other, you ask me, 'How's Harpo?' Why don't you ever ask me how I am?" Goldwyn replied, "Okay, okay, some day I will. But now tell me, how's Harpo?"

The other is really an Ira Gershwin story. He ran into a tanned, fit Goldwyn and said, "You look fine, Sam, but what good does it do?"

A nervous, dedicated little man visited our offices recently to tell us about himself. He was Miron Grindea, founder-editor of *Adam*, the oldest British literary magazine now in existence (not to be confused with girlie or fashion publications of the same name). Grindea came with the good news, for him and for us, that the quarterly will from now on be published by the University of Rochester, making it more easily available to

North American readers, in addition to its regular Continental and British audience.

The first issue of *Adam*—an acronym for Art, Drama, Architecture, Music—was a slim volume published in war-torn England in 1941. Among the authors featured were Wells, Shaw, Mann, Stefan Zweig, and C. Day Lewis. Subsequent contributors have included Picasso, Auden, Sartre, Churchill, Eliot, Wilder, and Cocteau. *Adam* has offered a profusion of special numbers: on writers as diverse as Joyce Cary, Tolstoy, Evelyn Waugh, and Dylan Thomas; on the contemporary literature of countries such as Portugal, Canada, Sweden, and Ecuador. This kind of editing has brought Grindea honors such as the medal of the Académie Française and loyal readers such as those luminaries who toasted *Adam* at its twenty-first birthday party a few years ago—Bertrand Russell, Larry Adler, Peter Ustinov, Claire Bloom, Christopher Fry, T. S. Eliot, Jean Cocteau, and others. Pretty good bunch of subscribers, *n'est-ce pas*?

Miron Grindea, born in Rumania in 1909, was educated there and in Paris. He began his career as a drama and music critic. In 1939, two days before war was declared, he left France for England. Although he spoke no English when he arrived there, within two years he had put out the first *Adam*. He also did wartime broadcasts for the BBC, music reviews for the French Resistance daily *France*, and was active in the International Arts Guild, which he co-founded with Benjamin Britten, Henry Moore, Stephen Spender, and Margareta Scott. He lives in an apartment in southwest London, where he edits *Adam*, and where his wife and daughter, both pianists, provide continual musical accompaniment.

Adam has been a financial cliff-hanger over the years. There has been no organized backing until the University of Rochester came along last fall. Now, it is predicted, contributors can even expect to be paid. Joining the editorial board are Rochester's Bernard Schilling and Anthony Hecht, and Jules Brody of Queens College, New York. The success of *Adam*, poet Peter Levi wrote in *Encounter*, stems from its policy of presenting the finest in contemporary world literature rather than limiting its pages to the works of a specific world clique. Miron Grindea's plans for upcoming issues reflect that idea. They include perspectives on novelist Georges Simenon, the full text of the winning entry in *Adam*'s short novel competition, a symposium on the centenary of Berlioz, a new assessment of Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du Mal*, and a collection of contemporary art and literature of Mexico.

A few summers ago I sublet an apartment overlooking Fifth Avenue in New York from a nice woman, Laura Boulton, who said she was going abroad for several months. I noticed that her rooms were filled with peculiar musical instruments that I couldn't name. One day I got a postcard from Ethiopia in which she mentioned that she was having tea with the Emperor. I saw my landlady now and again after her return, and once she invited me to make a trip to Columbia University to see a collection that she had gathered. I couldn't make it. The next thing I knew she was working on a large manuscript which, she said, Doubleday would publish.

Well, I should have paid more attention. Her book is now out, and it appears that Dr. Laura Boulton is the leading authority on liturgical and traditional music of peoples living in little known parts of the world. The trip to Ethiopia was the most recent of twenty-eight that have taken her over the years to Eskimo igloos, Tibetan monasteries, African villages, and many other offbeat places. She is now director of the Research Project on World Music of Columbia's School of International Affairs. The Laura Boulton Collection contains more than 30,000 recordings, probably the most comprehensive body of religious and ethnic music in the world.

In *The Music Hunter*, Laura Boulton tells her story. Trained to be a concert singer, she somehow found herself on an expedition to Africa for the American Museum of Natural History. In those days there was no portable equipment, and the only way to collect indigenous music was to write down the notes. It was the end of the concert career and the beginning of one as an ethnomusicologist, a word that had to be coined for Laura Boulton. Now that I've read her book, I suspect she's probably one of the most interesting landladies about.

Sharps and Flats: The flu made such an impression in New York that an announcer on WPIX-TV absent-mindedly referred to that old movie with Fay Wray and the gorilla as *Hong Kong*.

► Does anyone sleep in a Murphy bed anymore?

► Josh Billings said: "If it weren't for fools, wise men couldn't make a living."

► From El Roble Intermediate School, Claremont, California: Show us a mathematical table that has been left outdoors overnight, and we'll show you a dewy decimal system.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1816)

Arthur Hopcraft:
BORN TO HUNGER

"Aid" . . . is a sort of mental bracket sign. . . . Aid is trade, charity, politics, technical experiment, a source of good jobs, professional reputation, personal crusade. The poor countries need more help, and some aid does not help much —and some not at all.

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Programs to enjoy, in spite of yourself.

Your New Year's resolution for February has you reading a C.P. Snow novel, a Mailer essay, a collection of Concrete Poetry and a monograph by Daniel Moynihan.

Yet something is playing games with your best intentions.

One night, it can be the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Or isn't that Nancy Walker and Jack Gilford doing Sholom Aleichem? And is that how a school of cod looks from a satellite?

Yes.

Be not dismayed. Whether your head has been turned by the news, an original drama, a documentary, a movie or a musical special, you can learn. And enjoy. Which is a great way of staying on top of what's going on around you.

Somewhere between the poem shaped like a comma and one of the books is time to peek at your television set. Here's a partial list of February's programs worth the effort.

Discovery. Discovery goes to Sweden —A Village Made of Glass; Switzerland—Part I; Switzerland—Part II; The Gulf Stream. Sundays, Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23 (11:30-12 Noon).

Children's Film Festival. Skinny and Fatty; The Lupinek Case; The Magnificent Six and A Half; Doggie and Three. Sundays, Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23 (1:30-2:30 pm).

The 21st Century. Report on Cancer; Inventing Tomorrow; The First 10 Months—Part I; First 10 Months —Part II. Sundays, Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23 (6-6:30 pm).

First Tuesday. Once-a-month presentation of special news features. Sander Vanocur is anchorman. Tuesday, Feb. 4 (9-11 pm).

60 Minutes. Harry Reasoner and Mike Wallace are on-camera editors of this news magazine of the air. Tuesdays, Feb. 4, 18 (10-11 pm).

Teacher, Teacher. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Allan Sloane's original drama about a tutor who tries to rehabilitate a mentally retarded youth. Wednesday, Feb. 5 (7:30-9 pm).

This is Sholom Aleichem. NBC Experiment in Television—The life, works and personality of the famed Jewish writer. With Jack Gilford, Nancy Walker, David Burns. Friday, Feb. 7 (10-11 pm).

The View From Space. The earth is explored from satellites to learn about weather, oceans, and resources essential to our survival. Sunday, Feb. 9 (7-8 pm).

A Midsummer Night's Dream. The production by England's Royal Shakespeare Company. Sunday, Feb. 9 (9-11 pm).

Fred Astaire Special. The dancer in a musical special with guests Barrie Chase, Simon and Garfunkel, Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66. Sunday, Feb. 9 (10-11 pm).

Heart Attack. A close-up examination of heart trouble: causes, diagnosis, treatment. Monday, Feb. 10 (10-11 pm).

Feelin' Groovy at Marine World. Bing Crosby, Anissa "Buffy" Jones, Kathy Crosby perform at the new entertainment-research complex. Saturday, Feb. 15 (7:30-8 pm).

Children's Letters to God. Utilizing Stuart Hample's book, Gene Kelly explores the creative imagination of children. Sunday, Feb. 16 (8:30-9 pm).

Australia—The Timeless Land. National Geographic Society—a look at the Outback, wildest, most barren, yet boomingest part of Australia. Tuesday, Feb. 18 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Academy of Professional Sports Awards. Perry Como is host. Wednesday, Feb. 19 (10-11 pm).

The Experiment. CBS Playhouse—original drama by Ellen M. Violett about a young scientist confronting the Establishment. Tuesday, Feb. 25 (9:30-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

Saturdays: The Banana Splits/Untamed World/Wonderful World of Golf/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/Frontiers of Faith/Animal World/The Killy Style/Frank McGee/G-E College Bowl/The 21st Century/Wild Kingdom/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

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Saturday Review
February 1, 1969

Thomas J. Cottle

Parent and Child—The Hazards of Equality

"There is no even exchange between generations, nor is there ever a possibility for it. Parents are by definition not peers. For some young people, a quiet inner strength vanishes when their parents trespass on the property of time."

YOUNG people's involvement with adult authority—it's an old theme hammered to life almost daily in studies published on parents of adolescents, hippies, dropouts, druggies, militants, and the rest. Recently some writers "on youth" have openly chastised parents for failing to assume assertive roles with their children. Even some psychiatrists now argue for parental toughness, perhaps as a reaction to an oft-blamed emphasis on permissiveness.

Authority implies an inequality or what some prefer to call an asymmetry between the old and the young. There is no even exchange between generations, nor is there ever a possibility for it. Parents are by definition not peers, and their concern does not imply that they become colleagues. Yet the asymmetric structure of authority is not all bad, although parents and children are more than a bit ambivalent about it. Longing for the taste of adolescence, parents in many instances overstep the bounds that the asymmetry purports to guard. In some cases their intrusions are nothing short of disastrous. For some young people, a quiet inner strength vanishes when their parents trespass on the property of time and destroy the very same asymmetry that they themselves once wished to destroy.

The theme of authority is complicated, therefore, because young and old alike wish to tamper with the time of generations but realize the potentially devastating results of such an escapade. The asymmetry implies restraints on behavior, and the young, being today so profoundly aware of all the facts of life, recognize these restraints as well as anyone. Generally, the young seem more open than ever before, just as social reality seems more translucent. Perhaps there are fewer secrets today than yesterday, and perhaps too, our society honors revelation more than confidential trust.

THERE is little doubt that young people extend, prolong, or simply react to their parents' demands, be they uttered or silently passed on. Erik Erikson, the American psychoanalyst, has said that one generation revives the repressions of the generation before it. But, equally important, adolescents have become brilliant readers of parental intentions, or adults generally—including parents, teachers, ministers, deans, and psychotherapists—have become predictable or transparent in their dealings with the young. High school students now portray the "shrink scene" with ease. They anticipate, with frightening accuracy, the words and moods of churlish school administrators. A fifteen-year-old Negro boy told me that he could not get help from his school guidance counselor: "I wouldn't say this to his face, but he doesn't like Negroes. He may not even know this, but we know it." I spoke to the counselor in question. The student had not only correctly interpreted the man's attitude—his impersonation of the man's behavior, right down to the speech pattern, was perfect.

All of this suggests that the cat of the authority relationship is out of the bag. The young understand and appreciate adult motivations, and, significantly, the sociological rationalizations for their actions in authority contexts. While they may protest against school principals and programs, they confess a sympathy for their elders' plight of being trapped in the policies of some greater bureaucratic establishment, "the system." They recognize a "sell-out" or "game player" a mile away, and a heady college freshman, if the matter concerns him at all, can differentiate between the authentic liberal and the institutional brand from the last row of a lecture hall. Their language simplifications, such as "smarts," "head," "cool," "cop-out," are illustrations of an almost social-scientific terminology, which functions in reducing complex action patterns to succinct and manageable levels. Their language shows, moreover, the swiftness and clarity with which they can first interpret and then act upon personal and institutional demands. (Most students know that their parents' social class is still the best predictor of their own school success, and that the poor, and particularly the poor blacks, cannot hope to compete even with the omnipresent mediocrity found among the advantaged. Hence, their understanding of local school competition and mobility channels is profound, although frequently disillusioning and uninspiring.)

Perhaps the best illustration of lan-

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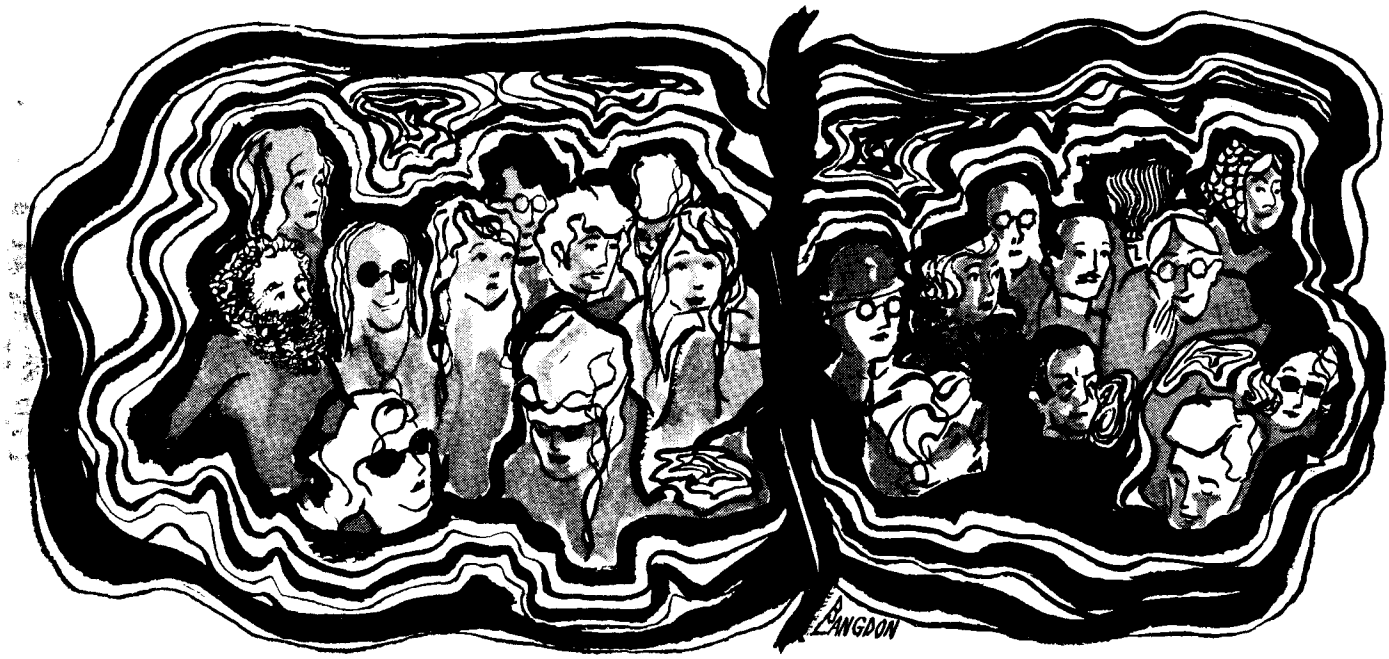

guage reflecting social sophistication and the apparent translucency of social reality is the expression "psyche out." A college junior assured me: "It's so easy to know what the teacher wants, or what he'll ask on a test. They never change. Give 'em what they want. You make them happy and you win." Even modest Phi Beta Kappa students claim they have "psyched out" their teachers and have emerged superior merely because they are better game players. The fact remains that to "psyche out" something is to stay one slender step ahead even of expectation. It is the ability to perceive the expression on the face of the future.

While it is hard for young people to be duped by authority figures, it is easy to be damaged by them, an act so often occurring when the superordinate—the elder, the parent, the teacher—wants to equalize what must remain as that asymmetric relationship. Again, asymmetry refers to relationships wherein the commodities exchanged are of unequal and, therefore, incomparable content, and the behavior of one person is not a call or demand for identical behavior in the other. In its most fundamental form, asymmetry describes relationships in which one of the members represents unquestioned authority in a particular context; hence, it refers to interactions engaging parents and children, teachers and students, and doctors and patients.

Several years ago, while leading a self-analytic group, I was invited to a party given by the members. As it was early in the group's history, it seemed reasonable that an informal evening together might loosen up and simplify all relationships. I was tempted to go, but a wiser man suggested that I not go. The asymmetry, he urged, ultimately must be preserved by the person holding authority. I may have lost something by declining, but I probably protected a valuable tension in the leader-member relationship. Moreover, the symbolic nature of the refusal reaffirmed the asymmetry, or inequality, which some of us working in groups feel is essential, and which members often confess, in their way, is preferred. The leader (or father) must in some sense forever remain the leader, and while this angers many, particularly those in groups, "humanness" is in no way automatically precluded by such a philosophy.

MORE recently, members of a self-analytic group observed their leader's participation in a political demonstration. At the following meeting they spoke of him with a newly discovered reverence. How good that he shares the same values; that he shows the courage to speak out against administrations. But they spoke, too, of a disgust for their mothers wearing mini-skirts and parents generally who act like kids. Anna, a mature young woman, told of a feeling of nausea that came over her when her roommate's mother reviewed the college courses she, the mother, was attending. Upon returning to her dormitory, Anna made a long-distance phone call home and luxuriated in the relief that her own mother still was pursuing mother-type activities: luncheons, museum visits, and food budgets.

The ambivalence is evident. Young people want to attack authority, and this is probably the way it must be. But in matters of human dealings, although not in issues of strict ideology, authority is not to "come down" to the child's level, as parents once perceptively felt it necessary to kneel down, if only to attain a spatial equality of the generations. Authority is not to give in; it is to remain firm in its commitment to preserve the essential asymmetry and the indelible generational separation, even if this means being seen as a "square" or "straight arrow."

When a small child orders his parent out of his bedroom, he necessarily fears the enormity of the act. In a tearful rage, he can only pray that the parent will go no farther than the living room. Similarly, when members express the intense desire to kick out the leader of self-analytic groups (in symbolic re-enactment of the primal horde story perhaps), invariably they want to know would he really go and would he return.

There is, then, a primitive core, developing first in interactions with parents, that pleads for the overthrow of authority, yet simultaneously for the inability to do it by nature of the superordinate's strength in resisting. Parents simply cannot break down or retreat. They must prevail, and no one wants this more than the child. In terms of this infantile core that stays with us, parents are perfect,

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without problems, immortal. Relationships with them preclude both equality and peership. A college student said it this way: "No matter what I do in the face of authority, I end up a child. It happens even when I don't know the authority. Are we forever children to older persons?"

For children to out-achieve their parents, an event not uncommon among college students (let us not forget that women, too, are confronted with career aspirations and the ensuing competitions as much as men), means that they, the younger, must delicately initiate revisions in parental relationships so that the older generation will not interpret the younger's accomplishments as their own dismal and static ineptitude. What an incredible task it is for these young and talented students to return during Christmas and summer vacations to the rooms and persons of their childhood; to return where all of us know we cannot again return, then to battle the very essence of an unjust but immutable temporality.

Why is it that each of us believes in the development, even in the successes, of our surging expectations, but see only aging in our parents? Perhaps the eternal danger of the immediate future is that while it guarantees reports of our most present investments, it brings first our parents, then us, closer to some inexplicable end. But for the handful of "right nows," our youthful preoccupations make only our own movement in the life space visible. All the rest, parents and teachers included, remains unchanged, timeless: "It's like they've stood still. They bring me back to my childhood hang-ups. They know I've grown up; they know I'm at college, but they're used to me as I was when I was last there."

These last phenomena are so clearly not the sensations of regression. Although we all have fought back urges to feel once more, for even a bittersweet interval, the winds of childhood, returning must not be mistaken for regressing. On the contrary, returning is resuming. This is what is meant by bringing one back to childhood "hang-ups." It seems like regression, for only in our direct involvements does family time again move ahead. In our separation, that certain time stops, and the stillness augurs death. But the student returns and time jolts forward again, alive, just as the family itself becomes vitally alive, although now life becomes a bit more cumbersome.

THE predicament confronting the child at these times is to help his parents resolve the problems that occur when the young out-achieve their elders. Variations in accomplishment must be reconciled in ways that legitimately reinforce parents' ultimate authority and special superiority. Regardless of their attainments, son and daughter want to remain in the child's role, at least in this one context. The parents know the child's task and, like the vaudeville joke, the child knows the parents know, and the parents know the child knows they know.

It is in interpersonal dilemmas and gestures of this sort, gestures made and carried out in such public yet at the same time secretive ways, that families reaffirm health. The gestures imply the mutual recognition and trust of which Professor Erikson has spoken so poetically and firmly. By these gestures the social and temporal gaps are preserved, sociologic and psychologic genes are somehow passed from one generation to the next, and one is, in Erikson's words, able "to see one's own life in continuous perspective both in retrospect and in prospect" (*Young Man Luther*). The division, made first by time, permits the evolution of the adult and sanctifies the appropriateness and truth of the confirmation and the bar mitzvah. For sociological reasons, the gap between generations stays open. But it is all right because distance need not be construed as distrust, nor separateness as desertion.

For two years, I saw Kathy, who is now thirteen, in a hospital therapy setting. Her language and psychological test performance indicated a possible psychotic diagnosis. She had a recurring dream, one that intrigued us both, that she was in a forest being chased by a large bear. Up on its hind legs, it pursued and often caught her. The dream had become so terrifying that to prevent the bear from appearing, Kathy had resorted to magical powers symbolized in ritualized bedtime behavior. How terribly symbolic was this content: the personification of impulses at the same time sexual and aggressive. How literal was the content: her father, an alcoholic for all of Kathy's life, returning home at night, pitifully drunk, staggering toward her, his shirt off, the hair on his chest plain and exposed, his smell, his pants open; pleading for sex at a locked bedroom door, being rejected by his wife, until he promises to "grow up and behave like a man," masturbating as a little girl watches, bewildered and horrified.

Like Kathy, too many children have been freaked out by some form of family drama. Now, although nascent and unconscious, their strategy is to get out of their homes, out of their lives, and out of their minds. What a miracle it is that some stay, conjuring up reasons for the necessity of their remaining close. But the muffled aggression in their loyalty is unmistakable. The children and their parents are like the envied lovers in the old story who never stopped holding hands until just once, whereupon they beat each other to death. Holding on to a mother's skirt after all, may be more than a wish to remain near and in touch. It may be playing the boxer who by staying in a clinch, prevents himself and his opponent from manning battle stations at arm's length.

When a thoughtless and angry Cambridge mayor's purge on young people led him to chastise hippies for having run away from home, I reacted by thinking on the contrary. The parents must have run away first, in some fashion, hence the children merely followed suit. Now, after examining life stories I wonder whether, like the most domesticated

"'*Children don't want to know about things like that.*'"

JOHN, a fourteen-year-old boy living with his mother and his four brothers and sisters in a low-income housing project, spoke of his parents' divorce, a damaging separation which had been preceded by his mother's seeking his counsel. Although only eleven at the time, he was, after all, the eldest of five children. She had been thinking of getting a divorce and wanted his advice. John looked away before he spoke. He rubbed his forehead so that I couldn't see his eyes. "Why did she ask me? Children don't want to know about things like that!"

✔ ✔ ✔

WILL was a tall, pale high school dropout. His very gait was a plea for help. He was inextricably dependent on methedrine, pot, LSD, darvan, cough syrup; anything that could produce that coveted ecstasy, "the high."

My only meeting with him lasted for about an hour. He discussed his questioning of homosexuality; his inability to want to "make it" with girls; his lack of anger; and a missing father: "When my father left, my mother turned to me in a special way. It was as though she wanted my help. It's like she wanted me to take his place. She made me sleep in the same bed." He held his head in his hands and turned toward me with a look some mistakenly call a smirk. "I must have an Oedipal thing, huh?"

—T. J. C.

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of pets, "pre-hippies" ran because their parents rushed them and frightened them and got too close too soon. I wonder whether it was because they felt emotionally crowded by their parents that they "split." Still, even in unabandoned ascape and angered protestation, children may be responding to or fulfilling some communicated need or directive. How curious is the thought, therefore, that protest and escape represent obeisance turned upside down.

It is equally curious that the familiar "need-to-escape-from-it-all" explanation of intoxication is used again when referring to serious drug-taking as a desire to repress. Mickey is a handsome, young high school dropout with an exceptional literary talent. When he was eleven, his parents fought so bitterly that he often found his mother lying in a pool of blood. Mickey would have to call for the ambulance and later on, after nursing his mother back to health, he would turn his attention to reuniting his parents.

During one cryptic account of a drug experience, he practically went into a swoon: "But when you come down, man, you come down hard, and that taking each moment one by one dissolves into that rotten other present, the one where you say, I gotta go back to my job. And you ask yourself, why do I do it, and you know, you gotta feel responsible. But it's OK because you think about the next high." I suggested to Mickey that coming down means having to think about tomorrow. "Wrong, man," he smiled for he had one on the shrink, "it's the past. It's on your back like you know what! . . . You say why did it have to happen to me?"

In speaking with Mickey and boys like him, one senses an ironical and twisted searching for insanity. Where the shocks of childhood were merely flirtations with craziness, by sixteen they have reappeared as an open willingness to consider "steady dating." At first only a couple of times a week; later on, every day and every night. The apparent psychotic quality or "way-outness" of the drugs is at once terrifying and exhilarating. The downs hurt but serve to affirm the lingering presence of sanity, or at least the ability to call upon it. If the user is sure it's still there, he goes back up on top again.

Not ironically, the very same strategy —"blowing the mind"—is used as a way of keeping out the mind-blowing experiences that might have urged persons toward this action in the first place. But just as drinking fails to induce forgetfulness, drugs seem to be failing many persons in their efforts to "repress" the past and keep it off their backs. If Timothy Leary is right, the next state will be electronic brain stimulation; hence, when pharmaceutical repression fails, attempts may be made at total memory ablation. At that time, a metaphysical present will evolve, free of any recollections and expectations, free of all regrets and despair.

Failing to understand so many of these complicated and gifted people, I often forget myself and remind them of their futures as parents. It is not that easy. For one thing, their very sense of future differs from mine. Moreover, the option to "start again" in marriage is highly problematic. Many fear they will repeat the desecrating scenes of their childhood: "I'll ruin my kid a helluva lot more than the drugs I take will"; "Are you kidding, man? Can you see me as a father? You gotta be nuts! And you a shrink!"; "A freak kid's gotta better chance than I did!"

IF starting again were possible, most would probably opt for total recommencement. Knowing full well that their parents never wanted them in the first place, some almost cannot go back far enough to reach a time when their own histories might have started off on a good footing. No one admits it, however, for that would be to proclaim absolutely one's non-being. It would be to break the slim and delicate threads that now barely hold the generations pridefully together. Kathy told me that her mother was informed by doctors that she could have no more children after the birth of Kathy's nearest older sister. In fact, two more children were born. The mother admitted she had not wanted either one. Her "not wanting" became the daughter's description of herself as the "unexpected surprise." Kathy and I knew that she understood the conditions of her origin and the facts of her life. Indeed, I felt that her rather protracted inability to comprehend how children are born might have symbolized an even more profound reluctance and self-protection.

Regrettably, the concept of insanity pervades the worlds, however expansive, of many young people. What many want to know is utterly predictable: "Just tell me one thing, man; am I crazy? I mean, you know, am I crazy?" The word "crazy" is ubiquitous. It has lost its primeval jolt, but it holds on to an unmodifiable message. There is, however, plenty of insanity left over in television scripts and movies. Insanity is feared when witnessing the inexplicable behavior of those around us as they do nothing more than fight aggressively for social and private rights too long in coming. It is also feared when witnessing those well meaning men who seek to control those who protest. The young hear the President called mad and the war insane, and they puzzle over insanity's bewildering function in jury trials, and partly because of this they seek it as a way of getting out of the draft.

In my day, not so long ago, a "joking" admonition for guaranteed military deferment was, when the army doctor examines you, kiss him. Now it's insanity. Naturally, the worry exists that they might carry forever the brand of insanity on their sleeves just about where the private stripe might have gone. To be crazy is to avoid military service. Like kissing the doc, it is the avoidance of maleness. An often cruel society rubs this in: A real man fights for his country. Ideologies and spirit react against this, but the doubt stays. American socialization patterns, normally instituting strict sex-role differentiations, take care of that. There will be a lingering doubt, al-

(*Continued on page* 46)

"Hey, Pop, can I borrow the motorcycle?"

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Saturday Review

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ABC

OVER the years, the editor and readers of *SR* have been engaged in various projects that come under the general heading of the human situation. After the end of the Second World War, for example, they accepted responsibility for 400 children in Hiroshima who were orphaned by the atomic explosion. The children were brought up in Japan but their "moral parents" in the United States helped to meet their various needs, including college education in many cases.

A second project involved several dozen girls who had been disfigured or disabled by the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. The girls were brought to the United States for plastic and rehabilitative surgery, and, in some instances, vocational training. The girls returned to Japan after a year in the United States. Many are now married and have families; others are in business for themselves as dress designers or beauty shop operators; some are working for social agencies. An integral part of this project was the training of several Japanese doctors in plastic surgery. These doctors in turn trained colleagues in Japan, the result being that hundreds of disfigured victims of the atomic explosions in Hiroshima and Nagasaki received special surgical treatment.

A third *SR* project involved thirty-five Polish women whose bodies and minds had been badly scarred as the result of their experiences at the Ravensbrueck Concentration Camp in the Second World War. They had been used as involuntary human guinea pigs by Nazi doctors who had cracked open bones in their arms and legs, inserting gangrenous materials such as broken glass or oily rags in order to produce massive and raging infections which they then attempted to check with new sulfa drugs. The project in behalf of these ladies—who had come to be known as the "Ravensbrueck Lapins"—was of a dual nature. One aspect was to bring them to the United States for medical and surgical care. The other aspect was to obtain from the German government at Bonn adequate compensation that would enable them to live without continued and excessive hardship. Both these parts of the project were carried out.

The editors now invite the readers of *SR* to join them in a fourth project. It is called ABC—Aid for Biafran Children. Herewith, some background.

LAST September, when the food blockade of Biafra was at its worst, and when thousands of children were dying from protein shortage, it seemed to the editors that it might be useful to evacuate some Biafran children by air. The plan envisioned an airlift to the United States of approximately 150 children who lacked parental care or were homeless and who were in need of urgent hospital treatment. We put the proposal before representatives of the Biafran government and were assured of its full cooperation. We then communicated with hospitals in the New York metropolitan area, asking each one to accept responsibility for one or more Biafran children. The response was immediate and heartening. Some fifty hospitals offered to participate. All 150 children would have hospital beds. Pan American World Airways would provide and equip a plane for the direct flight to the United States. Convalescent care would be undertaken by the New York Center of the American Friends Service Committee, which had mounted the out-of-hospital care programs for the Hiroshima Maidens and the Ravensbrueck Lapins. Many Biafran students from the New York City area volunteered to maintain contact with the children, thereby reducing cultural adjustment problems.

We also appealed to the board of directors of the Schweitzer Fellowship, of which we are a member. The board followed the urgent recommendation of its then-president, Mr. Leslie Paffrath, to finance a relief program for child refugees at the Albert Schweitzer Hospital in Lambaréné, Gabon, only a few hundred miles away from Biafra. The advantage of the Schweitzer Hospital in Lambaréné was that it had accumulated invaluable experience over the years in dealing with children's diseases native to the area.

By a stroke of good fortune, at just about this time, we received a telephone call from Dr. Frank Catchpool in California. Dr. Catchpool, whom we had met for the first time at the Schweitzer Hospital in Lambaréné ten years ago, and who was now doing advanced medical research in the United States, was eager to undertake a medical relief program in behalf of the Biafran evacuees. He was an ideal person to carry out the project at the Lambaréné Hospital under the auspices of the Albert Schweitzer Fellowship. Dr. Catchpool came to New York for extended discussions, then left for Lambaréné, from which he has recently sent exciting progress reports; Biafran children are already at the Schweitzer Hospital and are responding favorably to treatment.

Meanwhile, we also had the good luck to meet Mr. George Orick, who had lived in Nigeria for several years and was working as consultant to the United Nations Children's Fund. Mr. Orick joined our project and proceeded to develop plans for translating the experience of the pilot program into a massive airlift involving 100,000 children or more.

We also talked to Mr. Maxwell T. Cohen, a New York attorney who had just returned from Biafra where he had consulted with government officials about his ideas for bringing Biafra's case before the United Nations. On the basis of his first-hand observations, Mr. Cohen spoke of growing problems confronting evacuation of children by air. He brought us together with Mr. G. A. Onyegbula, Permanent Secretary of Biafra, who had just arrived in New York on a brief government mission. Mr. Onyegbula spoke of the severity of Bi-

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afra's needs. Two thousand children and 4,000 adults were dying daily of starvation. Food and medical supplies were being flown into Biafra in larger quantities than had been possible for some months. But the situation continued to be critical and was apt to remain that way until there was a dramatic breakthrough in direct access. He asked whether we would be willing to consider mounting a relief program directly inside Biafra itself.

The shortage of Biafran doctors, Mr. Onyegbula said, was not as acute as had been commonly supposed; the difficulty, he added, was in providing them with adequate medical and surgical equipment and transporting them to the places where they were most needed. He also spoke of a hospital field station inside Biafra for which he hoped we would accept supervisory and operational responsibility, and where American and Biafran doctors could work side by side. We told Minister Onyegbula we would try to help in any way that might be useful.

THE more we pondered the Onyegbula proposals, the clearer it became that the massive airlift ought to be deferred in favor of on-site operations. We needed a medical field director. Dr. Catchpool was an obvious choice, but he was already at the Schweitzer Hospital in Lambaréné. Two other names came immediately to mind: Dr. Fergus Pope, of the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota; and Dr. Omar Fareed, of the Carr Foundation in Los Angeles, who had undertaken medical field projects in equatorial nations around the world.

Fergus Pope was a footloose young man of twenty-five when he decided in 1956 to motorcycle in Africa. He dropped in on the Albert Schweitzer Hospital in Gabon, helped to fix the hospital generator, and, like many people who were exposed to *"le grand docteur,"* decided the life he had been living wasn't good enough. Though he lacked a science background, he decided to obtain a full medical education in order to serve under Dr. Schweitzer at Lambaréné. He went to London, completed his qualifying studies, then enrolled in the University of London School of Medicine at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. After seven years, he returned to Lambaréné as a full-fledged physician. Following Dr. Schweitzer's death, Dr. Pope decided to specialize in pediatrics. This brought him to the Mayo Clinic in the United States as a resident in pediatrics.

We put in a telephone call to Dr. Pope in Rochester. Would he be able to take a leave of absence from the Mayo Clinic to work with us—for perhaps six months or more? Affirmative response. Two days later, Fergus Pope was at our office in New York, going over the project plans in detail.

—*Photos from Wide World.*

"When the food blockade of Biafra was at its worst . . .

Dr. Fareed is a Los Angeles internist who has spent at least half his time traveling to far-off places such as Vietnam, the Congo, and Peru doing medical field work or pursuing projects such as the distribution of "Meals for Millions," an inexpensive, high-protein food. He also worked with AMDOC, a coordinating organization for voluntary service abroad by American physicians.

We reached Dr. Fareed at his home in Los Angeles. Within two or three minutes we had our answer: He would drop everything to serve.

We informed Dr. Nwonye Otue and Raphael Nwakoby of the Biafran mission to the United States of our readiness to proceed. They suggested that Dr. Fareed, Dr. Pope, and N.C. go to Biafra for joint planning with Biafran officials and for direct observation of some of Biafra's medical needs.

. . . thousands of children were dying from protein shortage."

The suggestion was accepted. The day before the scheduled trip to Biafra, N.C. came down with the flu. At his insistence, Dr. Fareed and Dr. Pope proceeded as planned. They flew Pan American World Airways to Frankfurt, where they boarded the Joint Church Airlift plane to Sao Tomé, an island off the coast of Biafra. From there they were flown at night to a secret airstrip in Biafra, where they met with Permanent Secretary Onyegbula, Dr. S. J. Cookey, Commissioner J. Udo-Affia, Dr. E. Ritchie, and Dr. A. Ifekwunigwe.

Dr. Fareed and Dr. Pope were lodged in a guest house in a small town in Biafra. They were taken by jeep to surrounding villages where they were able to see at first-hand the impact of food and medical shortages on people of all ages. When they returned to their lodgings they found the place strewn with casualties. The town had been bombed and strafed; twenty-seven persons were dead and many more were wounded. The American doctors gave emergency treatment to the injured.

When they returned to New York a week later, they brought with them a letter to N.C. from Dr. Cookey, proposing that we undertake a large mobile medical program inside Biafra. Dr. Cookey envisioned a large number of mobile units, directed by American and Biafran doctors and going directly to the villages for on-the-spot medical and surgical care. The emphasis would be on the treatment of children, but no one of any age would be turned away.

Dr. Pope proposed that we begin almost immediately with one or two units as a sort of pilot project. He would be willing to superintend the initial operation himself, working with Biafran doctors who would be made available for this purpose.

Dr. Fareed would be in charge of recruiting American doctors for the post-pilot phase of the project and would go to Biafra later for direct work in the field.

Now came the hard planning. Dr. Pope drew up his requirements for the pilot project. We were appalled at the length and variety of the items on the list—at least two large jeeps, several motorcycles, drugs, food supplies.

Apart from this were the requirements inside Biafra itself. We needed a lot of money. Where would it come from? We told Dr. Pope and Dr. Fareed that we had some fairly strong ideas on the subject. There should be no public fund-raising drives. In the case of *SR*'s previous projects, we employed no professional fund-raisers, made no formal

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Murders Will Out

THE BROADWAY PRODUCTION of Jules Feiffer's *Little Murders* two seasons ago (THE THEATER, May 13, 1967) brought the cartoonist instant recognition as the year's most promising playwright, but the play failed and closed after a one-week run. Despite its keen insight and some very funny confrontations, the play seemed unable to deepen the audience's interest in characters whose unpleasantness was being repetitiously satirized.

Since that time, *Little Murders* has been revised, and on the basis of a British production by the Royal Shakespeare Company, the London critics voted it the best foreign play of last season. Now director Alan Arkin has fashioned a new production that not only is much more effective than the award-winning one in London, but is also so fresh and brilliant that *Little Murders* becomes virtually a new play.

What Arkin has done is to persuade his cast to explore the reality of each outrageously exaggerated situation. As a result, their unpleasant compulsions become understandable extensions of, or parallels to, those we can find in ourselves, and we do sympathize with and become interested in their predicaments. And perhaps because Arkin is himself an extraordinarily inventive actor, he has seen to it that the actors' satirizing does not repeat the same comic device too much.

The cast is extraordinary. Vincent Gardenia's portrait of Carol Newquist, the compulsively bourgeois parent, is so pure that he seems almost tragic. Linda Lavin as his daughter Patsy, who is too strong for her own good, moves from an early hysterical hilarity to a later hysterical agony that is magnificent. Fred Willard as Alfred, her "apathist" fiancé, performs in a low key and thereby becomes our man in Feiffer's West Side jungle. Jon Korkes is beautifully relaxed and convincingly comic as the family's neurotic son. And Shimen Ruskin, as a Jewish judge who somehow equates his childhood poverty on the Lower East Side with faith in God, and Paul Benedict, as the Greenwich Village parson who shocks the wedding party by proclaiming that in his religion the most sordid behavior has just as much claim to "all right"-ness as does socially approved goodness, both perform their brief colorful solos with a genuineness that keeps the action honest, rather than with maximum laugh-getting which would have made their appearances seem tangential interludes.

These performances go a long way toward compensating for the play's greatest weakness, which is its inability to convince us that its protagonist could shift so abruptly from his early nonviolent position to one in which he seems to enjoy a capitulation to the horrendous violence around him. In Random House's published version of the play, Feiffer explains that Alfred's change comes about as the result of Patsy's being shot at the very moment that he erroneously sees in his marriage to her "the possibilities he has so long denied himself: the possibilities of hope, of idealism, of a soul saved from the brink by romantic love and womanly guidance." Feiffer suggests that Alfred's need for that reawakened dream is so great that he ignores "the evidence of her shattered philosophy lying at his feet," and resolves to "fill her role with the family, turning optimistic, taking charge." The playwright adds: "In his mind he has opted for health. He has not the slightest inkling that he has gone mad."

To some extent the present production realizes this difficult transition. But it still would benefit from a few lines of dialogue that would make more explicit the playwright's interpretation of Alfred's inner rationale, and from more gleam of madness in Alfred during the final scene. Even as it is, one is tempted to rate *Little Murders* this season's best play. For just as *Pal Joey* won a New York Drama Critics Circle Award in the season in which it was revived rather than in the season in which it was originally presented, so does Alan Arkin's splendid revival of *Little Murders* at Circle in the Square deserve to be considered on the basis of its revised version.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Although written in 1938, Vladimir Nabokov's *The Waltz Invention* was not presented professionally until 1969, when the Hartford Stage Company decided to attempt it. Like *Hadrian VII*, the play offers us the paranoid fantasy of a writer-inventor. Here it is Salvator Waltz who has come to the War Department of a European country with a "Telemort" machine which will demolish any target located at the point where two precisely aimed radio waves transect. But unlike *Hadrian VII*, the fantasy in *The Waltz Invention* fluctuates between murkily poetic introspection, presumably rooted in Nabokov's own philosophy, and an absurd parody of the archaic power structures that discourage and pervert all idealistic attempts to achieve a more sensible and just world before it is too late.

This long and stylistically shifting play presents problems that would confound any director, and it is to the credit of Paul Weidner that some of the scenes and ideas are realized. Most effective, for instance, is a hilarious spoof of a War Department conference where all the generals are portrayed as senile, childish, and incompetent.

The company appears to be beautifully disciplined, and one performance, the shrewdly demented portrayal of the War Minister by Henry Thomas, is outstanding. Charlotte Moore, as a mannish journalist dressed like a character out of Dick Tracy, is the welcome source of cool reason and repressed visceral sexuality. And, as Waltz, Roland Hewgill reveals a soft, brooding personality that is sometimes compelling. Yet, perhaps because the director felt the play required the suspense of our not being sure how much was fantasy and how much was real, we do not follow Waltz with enough emotional sympathy to remain constantly interested throughout the play's less dramatic scenes.

Nevertheless, many of Nabokov's telling ironies emerge nicely. These include the War Minister's matter-of-fact reception of an enormously destructive weapon as if it were a new kind of can-opener; his self-evaluation in crisis ("My responsibility is colossal, my power of decision, nil"); and Waltz's twisted use of power when he tells his morose subaltern: "If I keep you as secretary it's because I'm fond of paradoxes and you hate your job." It is, all in all, an admirable production of a unique but difficult play by an important and highly original author.

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DREW MIDDLETON

Do the Arabs Have a Case?

A French observer explores the complexities that underlie the flare-ups between Israel and Islam.

BISMARCK, that supreme realist, once predicted that any general European war would be caused by some damned foolish business in the Balkans. In the last ten years, and particularly since June 1967, it has been terrifyingly clear that a third world war could develop out of some minor skirmish in the Middle East. Indeed, it is quite possible that the Soviet Union's proposals for a settlement there owe much, if not all, to Moscow's fear that the continuing crisis, until lately very much to its taste, now could explode into an unlimited conflict.

The need for a settlement is obvious. It is equally obvious that no settlement is possible unless there is a greater measure of understanding not only among the Arabs and Israelis, but among the peoples whose governments are deeply involved in the search for a settlement—the Americans, Russians, British and French.

Americans have been exposed to a great number of books explaining, justifying and defending Israel's position. These have made a successful impression upon Americans, gentile as well as Jewish, disposed for a variety of reasons to favor Israel in her long duel with the Arab states.

The primary virtue of Maxime Rodinson's *Israel and the Arabs* (translated from the French by Michael Perl; Pantheon, 239 pp., $5.95) is that it attempts to present the Arab point of view. I use the word "attempts" rather than "succeeds" since this closely reasoned, thorough analysis of the causes and course of the conflict loses some validity because the author in a perhaps natural desire to give the Arab case its due errs by succumbing to those exaggerations that are the bane of understanding.

It is too late in the game to describe Israel as "this colonial enclave" and "the Israeli colony." And while some Arabs may accept the view that Israel is an outpost of Western imperialism in the Middle East, words like imperialism have been so debased as to lose their meaning among rational men.

Mr. Rodinson, the son of one of the founders of the Jewish Workers Trade Unions in Paris, is familiar with his subject and not only as a scholar. He served in the French Army in Syria in World War II. He was a professor and an official in Syria and Lebanon. His analysis and conclusions, then, cannot be considered the work of a political propagandist but of a man who has studied the situation at length and in depth, one whose ideas demand a sympathetic hearing from Americans. Mr. Rodinson's assessment of the basic rights on both sides reflects his central conclusion:

> The Israelis have rights, certainly. An abstract judgment would grant them the right to live within the framework of the institutions which they have established. On the credit side, the great works which they have accomplished and the sufferings they have endured may be added to that right. But for one thing, they cannot

Drew Middleton is Chief Correspondent of *The New York Times* at the United Nations. He traveled extensively in the Middle East in 1965, 1967 and 1968.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIBSON

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be said to have a historic right to a piece of territory because some of their ancestors supposedly inhabited it two thousand years ago. For another, they ought to recognize that they have done a considerable wrong to another people, in depriving them of rights at least as great as their own.

To Mr. Rodinson, "The Arabs, too, have rights. In many respects, they may be justifiably held to be greater than the Israelis'. The Arabs of Palestine used to have the same rights over Palestinian territory as the French exercise in France and the English in England. These rights have been violated without any provocation on their part. There is no evading this simple, incontestable fact. The multiple lesser wrongs which they may have committed, the complex of circumstance, and the responsibility in detail for specific events cannot alter it."

Mr. Rodinson's description of the events that led up to the war of June 1967 strives for objectivity. But here, as elsewhere, he seems, to this reviewer, prone to ascribe to the United States a willingness to intervene in the crisis that does not square with what has been disclosed since.

For example, he believes that Soviet pressure "very likely helped to prevent the Americans from intervening and opening the Strait of Tiran by force." Elsewhere the author credits the CIA with a ruthless efficiency that would surprise some of its members. Parenthetically, it might be noted that the CIA today occupies among critics of American policy a position similar to that held among Britain's opponents by that shadowy organism, British intelligence, a generation ago. When things go badly for the self-appointed forces of progress, it is easy to blame it all on the Agency. If only the CIA were as competent as its enemies think.

On balance, Mr. Rodinson appears to overplay American influence and activity in the Middle East and to discount, to some extent, that of the Soviet Union. My own observation in Egypt, Algeria and Iraq was that Russian political influence, based on economic and military aid, had an important effect upon policy-making. In an otherwise admirable concluding chapter Mr. Rodinson pays insufficient attention to Soviet influence, particularly in Egypt, where it has assumed new proportions in the aftermath of the defeat of 1967.

Although he defends the Arab position vis-à-vis Israel, the author is not blind to Arab failings—their emotionalism, their intoxication with their own words, their divisiveness. But he balances this with a point that cannot be made too often: these failings exist now; the Arab world in many respects is backward and unstable, but this cannot be considered a permanent condition. From Morocco to the Persian Gulf the Arab world is stirring. There is an accelerating development that is changing economic, social and political patterns.

Everywhere the Arabs are changing. The old patterns of education are giving way to new. There are girls' schools in Saudi Arabia, and unveiled young women seek jobs with the oil companies in Benghazi. The drive for education is ubiquitous as though, instinctively, the Arab nation has concluded it cannot match Israel as long as it clings to the Middle Ages. With education have come better health standards, improved techniques in agriculture, the growth of light industry. A general rise in living standards is breaking down the old class structure.

This changing Arab world is the background to the political developments of today. Mr. Rodinson's report on the evolvement of present policies, his exploration of the labyrinth of Syrian political developments, and his dissection of the creation and growth of Arab socialism is masterly. The reader may plead that these matters are discussed in too much detail. He will be wrong. It is precisely because Americans do not understand what is behind current political developments in the Arab world that they tend to the besetting sin of oversimplification of a complex situation that, like most, is neither black nor white but gray.

Mr. Rodinson approaches the subject of a settlement with care. So he should. There have been too many facile proposals, too many easy assumptions. The ultimate answer may lie not in some intricate diplomatic formula but in changes in attitudes arising, in the Arab case at least, out of changes in their circumstances.

One way out, as the author suggests, may be in the acceptance by the Arabs of the *fait accompli* of Israel's existence.

"It is obvious," Mr. Rodinson writes, "that the request would have a greater chance of being favorably received if it is accompanied with an offer of concessions and inducements. The rest of the world would be happy to see peace established. At the same time, it is quite certain that no one is so pure as to have the right to *demand* acceptance and condemn the Arabs in the name of universal morality if they continue to refuse."

But here Mr. Rodinson goes too far. He speaks of the case for giving the Arab cause "a near-absolute value." This point of view is held, he rightly says, by "a section of the international Left which

"Isn't there any way you can prevent those guitar strings from breaking during the invocation?"

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maintains that Israel is a bastion of imperialism; her existence is held to be a threat to progress and liberty in the world at large, and in the Arab world in particular."

Are those who hold this view the dominant, authentic voice of the international Left? Do they include the British Labour Party, American unions and large sections of the French union movement? Or do they represent the other Left—the authoritarian voice of the Communist bloc?

Mr. Rodinson sees another road toward settlement in the possibility of change in Israel, a change depending on the disappearance of the threat from the outside world – that is, from the Arabs. The idea is arresting. Anyone who has spent any time in Israel understands how much the outside threat contributes to vigorous Israeli nationalism.

> If the threat from outside were to disappear for any length of time, the process which has each time begun during periods of respite could acquire very much greater impetus. The reactionary and expansionist parties would find most of their trump cards had disappeared. The internal social struggle would continue on a much healthier basis. The Left-wing parties, no longer suspect of weakening the defenses of the fort, would stand a better chance in the political struggle. With the decline of anti-Semitism in Europe and America, Jewish immigration into Israel could be reduced to more modest proportions. Jewish emigration from Israel would grow. Zionism would thus lose much of its force through sheer pressure of circumstance.

From that moment, Mr. Rodinson writes, Israel would be "a Levantine State like any other, and no more a bridgehead of the West, forced by her situation to bear the brunt of the Arab world's hostility and to seek imperialist support. The continual temptation to embark on preventive aggression would likewise be removed. The state ideology would gradually tend to adapt to the new conditions. . . . The end-result would be a bi-national state like that dreamed about by the more openminded and advanced spirits in Mandatory Palestine."

But the key question remaining after such dreams are dismissed, the author admits, is whether or not the Arabs will accept Israel, because "there is very little hope of her changing as long as she is not accepted by the Arabs."

Mr. Rodinson believes that Egypt and Jordan, the greatest losers in the 1967 war, are tempted to accept Israel but that their rulers need a formula that can be presented as something short of total capitulation. He does not mention in this context the resolution of the Se-

(*Continued on page* 37)

Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

Edna O'Brien's favorite theme in the short stories in *The Love Object* (Knopf, $4.95), as in her novels, is romantic love. The title story begins: "He simply said my name. He said 'Martha,' and once again I could feel it happening. My legs trembled under the big white cloth, and my head became fuzzy, though I was not drunk. It's how I fall in love." The man is similarly moved, and they spend the night together. "That night in my bed he was both stranger and lover, which I used to think was the ideal bed partner." Theirs is an intense and joyful affair, but shadowed by the realization that it cannot last, for he is a married man and a public figure. In her apparently artless way Miss O'Brien compels the reader to respond to the flooding and ebbing of Martha's emotions.

Another long story, "Paradise," is a kind of companion piece. It is told in the third person but mostly from the point of view of the heroine, who has just become the mistress of an inordinately rich celebrity. Taken to his Mediterranean villa, where he is entertaining a dozen of his intimates, she finds herself alone in an alien world. All these people, she is sure, are asking each other, "How long will she last?" Her swimming lessons, which she takes at her lover's request, though she hates the water, become a symbol of her effort to adjust herself to a situation that she knows is really impossible for her.

Loneliness is almost as much Miss O'Brien's theme as love. Martha in "The Love Object" escapes from loneliness by means of love, but only for a time. The girl in "Paradise" is lonely in her lover's arms. In "An Outing" a man and woman, both middle-aged and both unhappily married, fail to make the most of the one day a year they can spend together. The disappointment of modest hopes is a recurrent theme: in "Irish Revels" a seventeen-year-old girl is invited to a dance in town, only to find that she is to do servant's work; in "The Rug" what appears to be a mysterious gift brings joy to a poor family, not only for what it is but also because it introduces romance into their lives—until it is repossessed by its rightful owner. Six of the eight stories in the volume were published in *The New Yorker*, and this seems rather surprising, for romance and pathos are not usually on *The New Yorker* menu. But there is nothing sentimental or simple-minded about Miss O'Brien. She is in her own way a sophisticated writer, with a fresh sensibility and a style that is as carefully wrought as it is unpretentious.

Nancy A. J. Potter, a professor of English at the University of Rhode Island and a regular reviewer for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, has been publishing short stories for the past few years in such quarterlies as *Kenyon Review*, *Massachusetts Review*, and *Shenandoah*. *We Have Seen the Best of Our Times* (Knopf, $4.95) is her first book. She is a less polished, less assured writer than Miss O'Brien, but an exciting one.

As I have said, many of Miss O'Brien's stories deal with disappointment and loss, but at least her characters have had something to lose, and some of them have known ecstasy. Life in Miss Potter's vision of it is much more grim. The first sentence of the title story is: "Dillworth Plante was a gray man even in what youth he had." Later we read: "The Plantes had risen painfully into respectability, and Dillworth was the worn-out result." After describing Dillworth's largely uneventful life and the onset of premature senility, Miss Potter writes: "When he died at fifty, several years ago, they did not put the age in the obituary because no one would have believed it."

Few of Miss Potter's people are vicious; perhaps the one who comes closest to being evil is Stanley Pious, a popular and inspiring teacher, who manages to conceal his ruthlessness from most of his

Whit Birnie.

Nancy A. J. Potter—"exciting."

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students and associates. There are persons, however, who do harm, and some of the worst of these are dedicated to doing good. Of a minister and his wife Miss Potter writes: "For children of love, the Hawkeses found an extraordinary number of people who needed to be prayed for before they could be loved. Find the happy man and the Hawkeses' love would feel out his weakness and scratch it into misery." The subtlest story of this kind is "Just Tell Me All Your Troubles." George Dietz, a lonely and depressed graduate student, accidentally falls into the hands of the Morses, good, kind, generous people who make his wellbeing their first responsibility. When he realizes what they have done to him, he says angrily to Emily Morse: "Why don't you find some other charity case?" In tears she replies, "You were like the family." He screams at her, "That is the problem. There are too many families, and who needs more than one?"

Some of the characters have strong emotions but manage to suppress them. One of the finest stories, "The Old Gardener's Daughter-in-Law," presents Ann Devaney, whose husband, victim of a wasting disease, she visits every Sunday at a distant hospital. She has come to depend more and more on her husband's father, a gentle, considerate man, a lover of growing things. (His wife, when she was alive, insisted on having an aluminum Christmas tree and cloth daisies.) A pious, conventional woman, Ann is horrified to realize that she loves and desires her father-in-law.

The situation in "Somewhere Between the Sky and Ground We Try to Live" is more familiar: a middle-aged man and woman, meeting at a funeral, spend a few hours together and fall in love, but he is a family man, and of course nothing comes of it. "Ellen believed that on the whole it was an age of private crying. For standing in your own closet or cell and crying alone. And then, putting cold towels on your swollen eyes, swallowing a few tranquilizers, and coming out smiling."

This is a book about people whose emotional lives are mostly lived in private, and it is Miss Potter's distinction that she seeks out and reveals the secret places of their hearts. They are not a very likable lot, her people, but they are human beings, and the fact that they fall so far short of their human possibilities, most of them, leads us to pity rather than to condemn them. Although it seems to me that two or three of the stories might be more economically constructed, the best of them come to the point with blood-curdling accuracy. For some time there has been a surprisingly large number of American women to whom we could point with pride because of the short stories they wrote, and now there is one more.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Rebuttal from Yaffe

In his letter about my book, *The American Jews: Portrait of a Split Personality*, Rabbi Bernard Mandelbaum [Book Forum, Jan. 4] takes me to task for several "errors." The ones he mentions belong to three categories:

1. Differences of interpretation, in which I take the side of thinkers other than Rabbi Mandelbaum. On "pomp and circumstance" in Jewish ritual, for example, my view is expressed by many official sources far more knowledgeable than myself—among others by the American Jewish Committee's brochure designed to provide guidelines for Jewish-Catholic dialogues.

2. Misreadings of what I wrote. Rabbi Mandelbaum is upset, for example, because I omit certain Jewish holidays from one particular paragraph in my book. If he had read the paragraph carefully, he would have seen that it doesn't purport to give a complete list of Jewish holidays, but simply a few examples of a certain emotional attitude.

3. Errors which are his, not mine. He objects, for example, to my description of the conversion ceremony as it might be conducted by a strict Orthodox rabbi. That description is taken, almost word for word, from the Talmud, as quoted by Rabbi Melech Schachter, coordinator of the Beth Din of the Rabbinical Council of America, in his article "The Problem of Conversion Today," which appeared in the May-June 1965 issue of *Jewish Life*. People who come to the Rabbinical Council for information about conversion are given a copy of this article.

Far more serious, however, than Rabbi Mandelbaum's errors about Judaism is his statement that he doesn't recall my ever interviewing him, despite my claim to have done so in the acknowledgment section of my book. I interviewed Rabbi Mandelbaum on Nov. 9, 1966, in his office at the Jewish Theological Seminary. His files, and the seminary's public relations department, which arranged the interview, will no doubt refresh his memory. Perhaps the reason for his forgetfulness is that he interrupted the interview half a dozen times to make phone calls. In his capacity as head of the seminary, Rabbi Mandelbaum is a very busy business executive indeed.

His convenient amnesia has its comic side, of course, but it is also a sad and disturbing symptom of a tendency which my book seems to have brought out in too many members of the official Jewish community (though not, fortunately, in your reviewer, Chaim Potok). The book says things about American Jewish life which many Jews don't want to hear—especially those who know how true they are. And so, rather than face these unpleasant truths – rather than *deal* with the arguments I raise—they take refuge in quibbling over trifles. But this ostrich like response won't make the unpleasant truths go away. It is not only unrealistic, but also, I'm afraid, very un-Jewish.

James Yaffe.
New York, N.Y.

A Significant Truth

S. G. F. Brandon in *Jesus and the Zealots* [*SR*, Jan. 4] has pointed out a significant truth for our day. In the light of Christ we do wrong by engaging in war and violence. It is a travesty that young men of our nation are at odds with our government when they do not cooperate with war efforts. It is truly exciting to me that an eminent scholar such as Dr. Brandon has pointed out that the Gospel as it was proclaimed presents "Christ the Pacifist."

Reuben Krehbiel.
McPherson, Kan.

Someone He Connected With

I must take exception to Mr. Peter Sandberg's interpretation of the relationship between Jordan Legier and Peter Kilburn in *Good Times/Bad Times* [*SR*, Jan. 18]. I think Mr. Sandberg has totally forgotten that the narrative is Kilburn's. It is certain that the relationship between Legier and Kilburn (from Legier's point of view and ours) is homosexual. However, it is totally possible that Kilburn was too naïve for this type of judgment. As far as Peter Kilburn is concerned, this relationship with Jordan is precisely what he has been seeking: someone "that I can really connect with."

Jon A. Carid d.
Columbia, S.C.

Everything Went Flu-ey

Are your proofreaders on vacation? *SR* Jan. 11 has two puzzling statements. Is C. P. Snow's new work titled *The Sleep of Reason* or *The Death of Reason*? See p. 79 center column. On p. 81, column 1, the reviewer refers to a ". . . study by . . . Colin Cross." The top of column 2 states that *The Fall of the British Empire, 1918-1968* is by Colin Craig. Which is correct? In any case, I still enjoy your magazine immensely!

L. G. Polgar.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Editor's note: *"The Sleep of Reason" and Colin Cross are correct.*

I love the indignant letters you get regarding the lapses in proofreading, etc. I edited a *monthly* for a couple of years and never managed to catch everything. All complainers should be required to put together a magazine (with advertising) for at least six issues. That would pretty well take care of the urge to write indignant letters.

Peter L. Sandberg.
Marblehead, Mass.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

Some fortunate authors spend so little time in eclipse after death that one may scarcely speak of a revival. (England's critic John Atkins predicts that such will be the case with Evelyn Waugh.) It was also the case with Raymond Radiguet (1903-1923), the precocious youngster from Saint-Maur (Seine) whose meteoric career coursed for a few tumultuous, creative years alongside that of Jean Cocteau, who declared himself Radiguet's *maître* and *disciple*. The analogy with the adolescent Rimbaud, running off for a liaison with Verlaine, was so obvious that Radiguet suffered always under the comparison. Nor did Cocteau help with his remark, "Radiguet shares with Rimbaud the terrible privilege of being a phenomenon of French letters." At fifteen Radiguet had fled his comfortable parental home to lead a disordered life on the Rive Gauche and to publish in such avant-garde journals as *Sic*, *Littérature*, and *Le coq*. At twenty he was dead of typhoid fever.

In this last year appeared his penetrating novel *Devil in the Flesh*, first entitled *Coeur vert*, about the illicit affair between a lycée pupil and a woman whose husband was off fighting in the trenches of World War I. That novel and his posthumous *Ball of the Count of Orgel*, inspired by the seventeenth-century novel *La princesse de Clèves*, won Radiguet such notoriety as a novelist that his 124 poems were cast into shadow.

In the latest of Seghers's illustrated series, Poètes d'Aujourd'hui, David Noakes retraces Radiguet's career as poet, demythicizes him as a lyricist, and evaluates and clarifies the verse. With their "felicitous discretion and exquisite sobriety" the poems broke from the cubist, surrealist and *maudit* tendencies in vogue. Noakes's excellent study pinpoints the more likely influences on the lyrics (including Ronsard, Chénier, and La Fontaine) and reminds us that the two novels as well displayed with *éclat* Radiguet's poetic gifts.

When the peasant poet Sergei Yesenin (1895-1925) and Vladimir Mayakowsky (1893-1930) committed suicide, the Bolshevik Revolution lost two of its greatest literary apologists. The Russians naturally continue to exploit at least Mayakowsky in print and in bronze. They have just moved the Mayakowsky Museum (and library) from Gendrikov Street to Lubyanka Lane (now Serov Lane), where the poet lived and worked from 1919 until his death. The Gorky Institute of World Literature contributed by organizing a congress on the Socialist poet, stressing his international influence. There were papers on the relations of Mayakowsky with George Grosz, with Johannes Becher, the German Communist writer-editor, with French authors. The Soviet government (as Boris Pasternak alleged) continues to view Mayakowsky as a brother. This sibling relationship was also on Mayakowsky's mind when he was preparing to kill himself:

> Comrade government,
> Take pity on my mother,
> Look after my lily-sister . . .

Many Russians know this farewell note, which has become a popular ballad.

Even as it relents and permits the printing of works by such suspect outsiders as Julio Cortázar and Miguel Angel Asturias, Spain has permitted Madrid's courageous Cuádernos para el Diálogo to publish *Adefesio* (Nonsense), a play by the old Spanish Republican poet-painter Rafael Alberti. This drama, reminiscent of Lorca's indictments of the Spanish social system, portrays the destructive influence of frustrated old matriarchs on Spain's younger generation of women. As this play evidences, Alberti's dramas were

inferior to the great collections of verse (*Marinero en tierra*, etc.), which induced many to compare him with Lorca.

A more exciting item is Baltasar Porcel's experimental novel, *Las sombras chinescas* (Chinese Shadow Pictures), issued by Editorial Teber of Barcelona. The young novelist-playwright from Mallorca pays therein a great tribute to the culture and physical beauty of his island. It is an ironic, amusing, sympathetic kaleidoscope which brings together in a jumbled and colorful pageant historical and fictional characters from all ages who are associated with Mallorca. George Sand and Joseph Bonaparte share the stage with pirates and magicians. The dazzling settings of the Balearics win abundant word-paintings in this *capricho*, particularly Porcel's descriptions of the fountains of Llobregat, the Gulf of Roses, and the hamlet of Castellar de N'Hug. Even his Castilian prose is sometimes nostalgic with words and idioms of his beloved Mallorquínes. The critic Pedro Lain Entralgo calls Porcel's "rapid ascent to celebrity one of the most recent achievements of our literary life."

In Prague the creative writers are trying to hold firm. A popular journal, *Zitrek* (Tomorrow), has polled thirteen Czech writers, asking as its leading question: "What are you doing during this period and what do you intend to do, if you can, in the future?" Almost to a man those interviewed declared their intention to write on despite censorship. Three typical answers:

Jana Stroblova: "I'm trying to do the same as always. As for poetry, I've always written rather sad things, so it won't be hard for me not to change."

Vaclav Havel: "I'll do as I've always tried to do—write what and how I wish. If and when it can be played or published is something obviously secondary, which doesn't depend on me."

Ivan Klima: "I'm writing. . . . We'll never betray one another nor the ideals in which we believe."

Recent events and his own role in them have created much interest in Milan Kundera and his novel *The Joke*, just brought out by Gallimard in Paris. It was Kundera's speech in the 1967 Czech Writers Congress that widened the breach between authors and the Novotny régime. Just two months ago his essay in the Writers' Union's *Listy* (Pages) praised the ideals of Tomás Masaryk. *The Joke* is beneath the surface a novel of disenchantment showing the suspension of idealism and even truth in a Moravian town under a Communist bureaucracy. The hero (or anti-hero), Ludvig, returns to the town, which he had left under a cloud fifteen years before. He had then been expelled from the Party and dismissed from school for a prankish telegram sent to a girl friend: "Optimism is the opiate of the people. The wholesome mind stinks of [obscenity]. Long live Trotzky." Sentenced to a correctional camp, he found men incarcerated for even less valid reasons—such as political beliefs held by their relatives. His desire to avenge himself on his home-town comes to naught. Ludvig is swept into and neutralized by the same collective society that he had left. A reconciled Communist, perhaps, but with nothing of value with which to come to terms.

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The Agony of Peter's Proud City

The 900 Days: The Siege of Leningrad, *by Harrison E. Salisbury (Harper & Row. 635 pp. $10), depicts the horrors of the nearly three years during which a proud and beautiful city almost succumbed to hunger, bitter cold and continual bombardment. Hans Kohn, who is currently Visiting Fulbright Professor at the Free University in Berlin, wrote, among other books, "A Basic History of Modern Russia: Political, Cultural and Social Trends."*

By HANS KOHN

WITH *The 900 Days,* his tenth book, Harrison Salisbury has probably made the most significant contribution by anyone to an understanding of recent Russian history. Even though it is just the year's beginning, I welcome it as one of the year's great books and as a book of permanent value. Mr. Salisbury, who saw Leningrad first after its liberation in 1944 and who has spent many years in the USSR since then, has not only devoted much admirable research to preparing the book but has transmuted his material into a work of art.

It is the story of a tragic period in the life of a great city. During World War I the important battles were fought in the countryside or around single fortified hills, along the Somme river, in the fields of Flanders, in the neighborhood of Verdun. The belligerents' capitals—Berlin, Paris, Brussels, London, Petrograd—hardly played a direct role in the decisive stages of the war. This has since changed. Large and unfortified cities have become decisive battlegrounds and symbols of human endurance—Madrid, London during the blitz, Stalingrad, Hanoi. In all of them the resources of the human spirit have been pitched against technological or military superiority. Among these cities the crown of thorns belongs to Leningrad. It was besieged for 880 days, from the end of August 1941, when the Germans seized the last link that connected Leningrad by rail or road to the rest of the Soviet Union, until the end of January 1944, when the iron ring of German arms around the city was broken.

For 200 years the metropolis known today as Leningrad was Russia's pride. It was built in 1703 as Russia's capital by Peter the Great, who intended the city as a bastion against aggression from the West and at the same time as Russia's most important bridge to it. Since then the nation's two capitals have competed for intellectual and political influence. Near the Baltic Sea stood the city of Peter and of Catherine II, of Pushkin and of Blok, of the Decembrists and of Lenin, whereas Moscow, situated within the basin of the Volga, was the traditional capital, the center of resistance to European influences, both among Slavophiles of the nineteenth century and under Stalin in the twentieth. In March 1919, under the threat of German attack, the capital was transferred from Petrograd to Moscow—as a "temporary" measure. But, like many temporary measures, it has become permanent, for the German invasion of 1941 almost crushed Leningrad.

In 1941 Russia was woefully unprepared for war. On two counts Stalin was personally responsible. His purges of 1937-38 had taken a terrible toll among the ranking officers of the Soviet army and navy, as well as in the top echelons of the economic and administrative establishment. Understandably the morale of the remaining cadres was deeply affected by this unprecedented bloodbath. Equally important was the fact that Stalin distrusted Churchill and trusted Hitler. From 1939 to June 1941 he was concerned not to arouse German suspicion. Strategic materials were delivered to the Third Reich up to the last minute, whereas an increase in Russia's preparedness was planned only for the end of 1942. Consequently a large part of the Soviet air force was destroyed in the first day of the clash, and the Russian armies were overwhelmed by the swift thrusts of German armor.

As the Germans advanced on all fronts the military threat to Leningrad developed with startling rapidity. At the end of June Hitler expected within thirty days to enter the city as a victor. The efforts by completely untrained and insufficiently armed volunteers to stop the Germans at the Luga River failed. By August 1st Leningrad was almost entirely encircled, having had no time to store food or fuel beyond immediate needs. Not until late spring 1942 was a tenuous road across Lake Ladoga established.

Before relief could reach Leningrad's two and a half million people, they had lived through the inferno of the 1941-42 winter. Having found a direct attack too costly, the Germans relied on their blockade of the city, on hunger and their ceaseless bombardment by artillery and from the air, to force Leningrad to surrender. Hitler ordered that no capitulation was to be accepted, that the city was to be razed.

The unusually severe winter, which helped Russia, nearly destroyed Leningrad. It became a city of death, without food or light, heat or transport, mail or telephone, in which masses of frozen bodies lay unburied for months. There was no water.

> The city was choked with filth. The lunchrooms and cafeterias where many Leningraders were fed were so dirty they defied imagination. Dishes and tableware had not been washed for weeks. . . . The people were as dirty as their eating halls. There had been no baths, showers or laundries in the city since the end of December. [Only] . . . in the second quarter of 1942 thirty-two baths and a hundred laundries were reopened. But the big

"I'd like to report a lost contact lens."

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task was to clean the city. Unless the corpses, filth and debris could be removed, Leningrad would perish in the epidemics of spring.

The worst single threat was starvation, to which perhaps one million inhabitants succumbed. Hunger caused many ordinary people to commit crimes. The numerous illegal or forged ration cards threatened a complete breakdown of the strict rationing system, on which for months the skeletal survival of Leningrad depended.

Mr. Salisbury describes the besieged city with a great wealth of detail gathered from published and unpublished sources. He pays especial attention to the role played by poets, scholars, the Hermitage art museum staff and its director in maintaining the morale of the people during the worst times. In a city where the government withheld essential information and therefore the wildest rumors spread, the voice of the poets reading over the one existing radio outlet provided light, warmth and guidance in the darkness of icy rooms. Mr. Salisbury's task was not easy. It is always difficult to write the history of periods of feverish excitement. Everything becomes ambiguous, and to many questions there is no answer and never will be. "No one knows."

In the case of the Leningrad tragedy the task of the historian was made even more difficult by the secretive character of Russian politics and the mysteries of Soviet historiography. Mr. Salisbury comes to the conclusion that Stalin's "motives were never clear, never simple, and he was surrounded in the Kremlin by men for whom intrigue and plot and ambition were more important than any city or any battle." A savage political fight went on between Andrei Zhdanov. the Communist Party head in Leningrad during the war, on the one hand, and Georgi Malenkov and Lavrenti Beria in Moscow, on the other. In 1944 Zhdanov returned to the Central Committee in Moscow, and the struggle for Stalin's ear and finally for his succession continued.

By early summer 1948 Zhdanov was losing ground, and at the end of August his death was announced. As had happened before, the downfall of one important competitor for power carried with it the disruption of the party organization, the head of which he had been. Thus the survival of Leningrad and its leadership was closely connected with the vagaries of the grim conflict in the Kremlin. "Fantastic efforts were made to destroy the historical record of events in Leningrad so that future generations would be unable to ascertain what really had happened." After 1948 the heroism of the people of Leningrad was steadily underplayed. Leningrad itself was the last great Russian city to be restored after the war. Even now the physical scars are more visible there than in Moscow, Minsk, Kiev or Stalingrad, and the spiritual wounds have not healed.

Mr. Salisbury, who dedicated *The 900 Days* to the people of Leningrad, has tried to correct the record. Through his book the epic story of the city will survive. After reading it many will understand the deadly fear of the Germans so prevalent in the Soviet Union today. Mr. Salisbury opens and concludes his book by quoting the words of Olga Berggolts, the Leningrad poet and survivor of the blockade: "Let no one forget; let nothing be forgotten."

The Russian Offers Riches

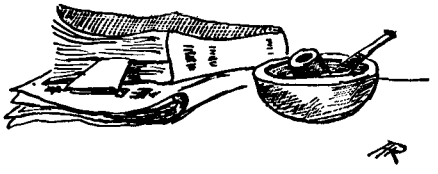
Poets on Street Corners, *collected and introduced by Olga Carlisle (Random House. 429 pp. $6.95),* is a *bilingual anthology of works by fourteen contemporary Russian poets. Irwin Weil, author of criticism on Russian literature and articles on problems of artistic translation, teaches Russian and Russian literature at Northwestern University.*

By IRWIN WEIL

On the very evening that student friends of mine at Moscow University heard the news of John Kennedy's assassination they wrote me with that tenderness and sensitivity so characteristic of the Russian spirit at its best. One of them quoted two lines by Mandelstam, included in Olga Carlisle's new anthology: "Chelovék umiráet, pesók ostyváet sogréty,/I vcheráshnee sólntse na chórnykh nosílkakh nesút." (Her book uses Cyrillic letters; my English transliteration is a free, not quite literal one.) "A man dies, the heated sand cools down/ And yesterday's sun is carried out on a black litter." (Rose Styron's adaptation.)

Mrs. Carlisle correctly states that Mandelstam has been virtually unpublished in the Soviet Union for decades; hopeful Moscow rumors are still reporting the possibility of his re-publication in the coming months. Yet a young student at Moscow University in 1963 knew the poet's work well enough to quote in trying to assuage what he sensed must be the hurt of an American friend.

How did that young man, by no means an extraordinary student, know those lines which had been unpublished since his birth? How did Soviet Russians preserve the memory and work of one of the twentieth century's greatest poets, who suffered an ignored, lonely death in a provincial labor camp? To understand this, in so far as one can, is to understand the extraordinary love that binds Russian poets and their readers in everyday life—"on street corners," in Mrs. Carlisle's words. It is my experience that genuine linguistic and emotional exposure to the contemporary Russian poetic situation leaves very few people unmoved. The problem for those who would like to communicate Russian poetry here is: how can Americans, separated from the original spirit both by the great dissimilarity of Russian and English and by the difference between American and Russian history, be brought to at least the threshold of the necessary exposure? And let my presupposition be explicit: one of the most powerful literary phenomena in this world is the Russian poetic language.



The anthologist engaged in this cause is Mrs. Olga Carlisle, a descendant of a distinguished Russian literary family, the Andreevs. I admire her intensely personal spirit in this bilingual endeavor, which shows both great love for her material and impressive poetic taste. She states correctly that the fourteen poets included should not be considered the only important Russian twentieth-century poets, nor is this selection of their work definitive of an era or a style.

Mrs. Carlisle has obviously received generous cooperation from a number of remarkable American talents: Robert Lowell, Stanley Kunitz, William Jay Smith are among those who try to achieve what the Russian poet Bryusov (quoting Shelley) called "creating a violet in a test tube": a poet responding to a foreign challenge by re-creating, in his own language, the beauty and force that originally moved him. Only as we begin to have large numbers of our best poets and writers struggling with Russian poetry will we move toward the goal of having that poetic experience open to Americans. Obviously, part of the stimulus can come from the demands and interest of the readers.

Mrs. Carlisle is also objective enough to mention the reactions of Kornei Chukovsky, the excellent Soviet critic and poet, who regularly castigates American translations of Russian poetry. Chukovsky rightfully contrasts the extremely high level of Russian poetic translation (whose creation he has greatly helped) with the much lower quality of ours. In my opinion, the anthologist's quoted rejoinder of Mandelstam's widow, defending some of the American translations, does not adequately answer Chukovsky's objections. The only answer we can propose is, hopefully, a gradual improvement in American poetic transla-

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tion, which can only come about after many attempts, building on the experience of people like those who worked on this anthology. An analogous process has already taken place among the Russians. Only after we match it will we have a worthy response to translators like Pasternak and Marshak, or to earlier work like that of Lozinsky and his disciples. Robert Burns reacted to Elphinstone's translation of Martial:

> Oh thou whom Poesy abhors,
> Whom Prose has turned out of doors,
> Heard'st thou yon groan?—proceed no further,
> 'Twas laurel'd Martial calling "murther."

Fortunately, no poet, living or dead, need cry "murther" over the translations, imitations, adaptations in Mrs. Carlisle's anthology. In every case there has obviously been the kind of slow and careful deliberation over the English version necessary for a genuine rendering of the experience. Robert Lowell worked from a literal translation and explanations by those who could feel the original. He sought his own effect in English and did not mind departing from the original text with considerable freedom: "When we drove through it, I reached for my lost hat" is his adaptation of Mandelstam's "Po ulitsam menia vezut bez shapki" (literally: "Through streets they transport me without a hat").

The anthology also has attempts to render both the play, the rhymes, and the rhythms of the original, as William Jay Smith and Max Hayward, who know Russian, adapt Voznesensky's

> Tabunóm rvanúlis' tribúny k stártam,
> V tséntre—lóshadi, vkópannye v nast.
> Ty dúmaesh, Vásia,
> my na níkh stávim?
> Oní, kobyly, postávili na nás.
>
> The stands go stampeding to the starting post
> Down to where the horses paw the ground.
> And, Vasya, do you think we're betting on them?
> They're betting on us—it's the other way round.

There are also attempts at literal renderings; Mayakovsky's famous plaint is literally transcribed by Henry Carlisle:

> No iá
> sebiá
> smiriál stanoviás'
> Na górlo
> sóbstvennoi pésne.
>
> But I have mastered myself,
> standing on the throat
> of my own song.

The reader thus has the results of a wide range of choice among options available to the translator. The experience goads a great poet like Lowell to his own free rendition, a type of poetic creativity; other poets struggle with the technique of the original, as did William Jay Smith with Max Hayward's help; and one can get a literal impression of the poet's idea, if not his sound, as in Henry Carlisle's work on several poems. What the American literary scene still lacks is a poet who will turn the original poem into a closely similar poem, with similar force, in his own language. What the Russians have done with Western poetry in their language we still have not been able to accomplish with their poetry in our language. While Vladimir Nabokov has offered forceful and well-publicized arguments against doing just that, George Steiner, to whom Mrs. Carlisle defers, defends its possibility. He argues that the effort of poetry itself is the only genuine answer to a poem, however untranslatable its linguistic art and unique experience may be. Our poets will of course follow their own inclinations, whatever the critics say.

The older generation of Russian poets—including such fine writers as Akhmatova, Pasternak and Mandelstam—have much to communicate to the American reader. They had no choice but to ride what Zamiatin called a turbulent trajectory, with no possible side path, through twentieth-century history; they could have no illusions about its effect on them or on their fellow countrymen. Their extraordinarily powerful rhythmic response, within the strong accent system of the Russian language and its own music, their communication of love for the physical aspects of Russia—its specially speaking trees and snow-laden countryside, its cities with their sometimes open (Leningrad), sometimes hidden (Moscow) beauty, often amidst sodden gray ugliness—all speak of a world offering a particularly deep and penetrating experience. Their suffering was of a type that we, fortunately, know very little from the history of our own lives. From them we have much to learn.

The younger generation—including such poets as Voznesensky, Akhmadulina, Brodsky—have not yet achieved the same intensity and penetration as the best of their immediate forerunners. Like any inheritors, they try to work out their own problems in their own ways, without direct imitation. But these relatively young people, treating their country's experience with a feeling only possible for those who have gone through that particular valley of the shadow, accord their immediate poetic predecessors a very particular love and respect. Still, with or without comparisons, they have spoken with powerful voices, some of which will undoubtedly grow and mature. It is a great tradition which they grasp, and one has strong wishes and great hope for their future, the future of one of the world's great languages and resources of poetry.

Those who are able to follow even a small part of the poems in the original, who have had some direct experience of Russian poetic life, will find all they need in the anthology's poems. The larger number of American readers, who cannot follow even a small part of the original, will find much addressed to them in Mrs. Carlisle's own remarks. She has written a long over-all introduction, and a separate one before each poet's section. Since she herself had the opportunity to meet many of them, and they responded to her as the representative of a family and tradition whom all of them respect, she was in a good position to transmit an important part of their context.

There are times when a specialist would wish to argue with some of Mrs. Carlisle's historical and critical generalizations: *e.g.*, attaching Dostoevsky to the tradition of "exalted, mystical patriotism" also connected with the younger World War II generation; her statement that among poetic documents "only Slavonic devotional texts were recorded in writing" up to the eighteenth century. Novices must be warned not to give the introductory generalizations more weight than the anthologist claims for them.

But as a whole the anthology is rendered excellently and sensitively, much to the advantage of American readers, whom I urge to partake amply of Russian poetic riches. Poetically speaking, we could well twist an old Soviet slogan: "Dognát' i peregnát' "—Catch up with and surpass—the Soviet Union!

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1330

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1330 will be found in the next issue.

ODMMEUGFF ZDNGF IM EU

OGEWOS PAL RODS ES VDQNF

EU VGUWSO.

—LAHGLS PLAFS

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1329

. . . I like snobs. A snob has to spend so much time being a snob that he has little time left to meddle with you.

—WILLIAM FAULKNER.

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Buffoons of the Apocalypse

Castle to Castle, *by Louis-Ferdinand Céline, translated from the French by Ralph Manheim (Delacorte. 359 pp. $7.50), is the first of the famous French novelist's late works to be published in this country. Erika Ostrovsky, who teaches French at New York University, has published "Céline and His Vision," a critical study of the author, and is now completing his biography.*

By ERIKA OSTROVSKY

THE DISCOVERY OF AN UNKNOWN PHASE in the writings of a great novelist—long obscured—is a rare treat, guaranteed to stimulate even the most jaded of literary appetites. Louis-Ferdinand Céline burst into world-wide fame and notoriety more than thirty years ago. *Journey to the End of Night* and *Death on the Installment Plan* are already classics, yet they remain as pertinent and incisive as when they were written, as fecund as their varied progeny implies: Burroughs, Miller, Modiano, Queneau, Sartre, Simenon. . . . Now, after decades of relative oblivion, Céline emerges to astound us with a new vision in *Castle to Castle*, written in the last years of his life and evidence of the final, exacerbated flowering of his literary genius.

Published under the more *argotique* title of *D'un Chateau l'autre* in France (1957), the novel marked Céline's return from several forms of exile—political and literary—and years of condemnation by silence. The preceding decades had been filled with suspicion, accusations, prosecution, persecution. Publication of several racist and antiwar pamphlets, trips to Germany at the height of World War II, denunciation for alleged collaboration and imprisonment in Denmark—although mitigated by exoneration and return from exile—had branded Céline. He came back broken, ill, embittered, to spend his remaining years as a total recluse in a suburb of Paris. The only remaining link with life appears to have been his writing. Several works, one begun during solitary confinement in the Vesterfangsel prison in Copenhagen, precede *Castle to Castle*. It is only on its publication, however, that Céline was restored to the ranks of major writers in France. The novel forms the initial section of a trilogy that includes *Nord* and the still-unpublished "Rigodon," describing the author's unique experiences transformed into a literary adventure of nightmarish dimensions. *Castle to Castle* is the American reader's passport for a journey to the end of all possible nights, the point of entry into a trap it took almost thirty years to perfect.

Addicts of the writer's early works will find a very different Céline: a hunted, gasping, moribund giant who—though appearing "crippled" to some—uses his crutches with the deadly accuracy of a fencer and spews out all the terror, the filth, the grotesque laughter of atomic doomsdays. Autobiographical at its roots yet constantly bursting into delirium, the work leads us through the twisted paths of a lay hell which matches the visions of Ernst and Bosch, the tortured worlds of Kafka, Adamov, or Beckett. Its curious structure—107 initial pages written in a halting, weary drone and filled with obsessive reiterations of past and present misery; an explosive central portion, set in the heart of devastated Europe, and marked by hallucinatory intensity; a short final section that reverts to the original tone—seems designed to illustrate the several ways in which the world may end: both in a bang and a whimper. Its music is scored for a fitting orchestration of what Céline once called his "opera of the deluge." Chronological leaps, frequent in the novel, serve a similar purpose: to provide a total view of the catastrophe and enclose us in a circular time-trap where past, present and future are equally devastating. The fragmented nature of the narrative, the gaps, pauses, hesitations, even the redundancies accentuate the vision of a world torn to shreds, tottering on the brink of extinction. On that narrow ledge, bordering the void, Céline's horrendous tragi-comedy takes form.

Ushered in by a hallucination where a riverboat on the Seine turns into Charon's bark, and an old actor friend becomes the dread boatsman—who sports a gaucho costume and gaily "debrains" his passengers in the best Jarry tradition—there follow, panel by panel, fragment after fragment, scenes from a burlesque of hilarious annihilation, a deathbed farce, which may unsettle even the most fervent aficionados of mind-blowing. The central setting might come straight out of a modern gothic tale: the Hohenzollern castle in Siegmaringen with its labyrinth of underground passages, portrait galleries of monsters, lavish, abandoned banquet halls. As on a revolving stage, the scene now shifts to the Hotel Löwen, with its rooms and toilets overflowing and the air filled with the stench of cabbage, excrement, semen, and blood; now we are taken to a "croakarium" where the dead and dying are displayed in show windows, or railway cars once built for shahs and now used for the insane masquerades of Vichy ministers. The set changes and a train station becomes the scene for orgies of lusty nymphets, and pregnant prisoners, with the sex-starved males arriving in carloads of "fresh meat" from all the frontlines of Europe.

The characters, however, outdo the

(*Continued on page* 63)

"OK, Mort, you won the bet."

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Secrets of a Genius

A Portrait of Isaac Newton, *by Frank E. Manuel (Harvard University Press. 478 pp. $11.95), the first major life of the great scientist to appear since 1934, seeks to delineate and account for the wellsprings of his genius. Peter Gay, whose "The Enlightenment: An Interpretation: The Rise of Modern Paganism" won the 1966 National Book Award, is William R. Shepherd Professor of History at Columbia University.*

By PETER GAY

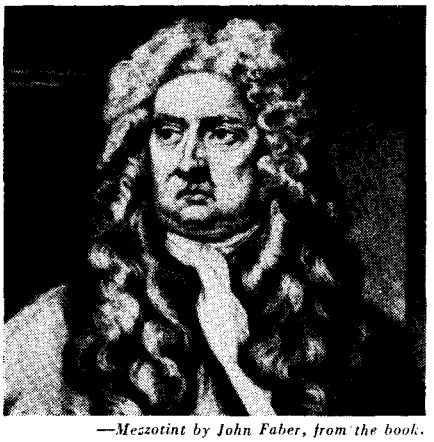
NEWTON'S PLACE IN THE FRONT RANK of the shapers of our world is beyond dispute; in the Enlightenment, the philosophes, who were his worshipful disciples, called him the greatest man who ever lived, and while we are inclined to disdain such games, we understand, I think, what the philosophes meant, and accept their verdict. Yet there has not been a full-scale life of Newton since L. T. More's solid, old-fashioned, and occasionally inaccurate biography appeared in 1934, though the Newton industry has produced a magnificent edition of Newton's mathematical papers, an authoritative edition of Newton's instructive correspondence, and occasional editions of rarer papers. Scholarly appraisals and popular short biographies apart, no one has tried to synthesize all this rich and complex material. Now Frank Manuel, returning to familiar ground after his excellent short book on Newton as a historian, has attempted to write a general and detailed study of his life. As an intellectual historian rather than a historian of science, he has concentrated more on the general ideas, but since his subject is intimately interwoven with science, he has tried to do justice to the technical aspects of Newton's work as well. This alone would make his book a welcome and important addition to the writing of intellectual history. But Manuel has gone further. Proceeding with due caution and protecting himself with disclaimers, he has plunged into a genre of historical writing that is becoming increasingly popular and increasingly controversial: the psychoanalytical study.

I do not want to make his book appear forbidding; it is in fact almost strenuously informal. Obviously, Manuel has chosen his title with deliberation: a portrait it is, drawn with broad if precise strokes, and moving easily back and forth across the canvas of Newton's life. If the book has a flaw, it is that Manuel permits the machinery of his scholarship to show rather more than an accomplished essayist might; the book, with its references in the text to this notebook now in one library, that interpreter worth following, appears rather like a work of modern architecture in which the architect has exposed the structural elements of his building, not so much because he wants to insist on it for esthetic purposes, but because he has not quite seen the way clear to concealing it.

Yet this is a minor, almost trivial objection in view of Manuel's impressive achievement. Newton's external life was not very eventful. It appears here in three distinct stages: there is (to quote Manuel's headings) the "lad from Lincolnshire," followed by "the Lucasian Professor" at Cambridge, followed by the sage and government official "in London town." There were dramatic moments in that existence, moments of discovery and controversy. But the real drama was in Newton's mind, and it is this drama that Manuel seeks to delineate, and, as far as possible, explain.

To explain the workings of men's minds is always difficult; to explain genius, as Freud himself modestly said, is almost impossible. Yet to deal with Newton is to deal with genius. It may be too much to say that there are as many theories of genius as there are geniuses, but there are none that have convinced all, or even the majority, of psychologists and historians. "The recent literature on genius," Manuel rightly warns, "is vast, provocative, respectworthy, and necessarily inconclusive."

With this caution, he then sets forth some tentative hypotheses concerning the mainsprings of Newton's brilliant theorizing. But, as Manuel well knows, behavior tends to be overdetermined; there are usually more than enough reasons for any single act, or taste, or pronouncement: "The predominance of crimson in the furnishings of Newton's London chambers, listed in an inventory of his belongings made soon after his death, has been remarked upon: there were crimson mohair hangings, a crimson mohair bed 'compleat with case curtains of crimson Harrateen,' a crimson settee. A quick inclination to relate this to bloody fantasies should be checked by the realization that crimson was also the color of royalty and the aristocratic status to which this yeoman's son always aspired. Perhaps both elements were at play, and the rival claims of a psychological or a sociological interpretation can be conveniently adjudicated."



—Mezzotint by John Faber, from the book.

Isaac Newton, 1726—the real drama was in his mind.

Manuel's conclusion here may seem a little opaque and deliberately elusive, but this is a minor stylistic fault. Far more important is Manuel's attitude toward his material, and that I cannot praise too highly. Psychoanalysis is a powerful, a magnificent interpretative instrument; in the hands of sensitive and intelligent historians it promises to yield results that even optimistic followers of Freud do not yet foresee. But, unfortunately, much of the recent work in this field has been done by historians with the boldness of Freud unchecked by his experience and unilluminated by his genius; it has been either vague and therefore meaningless speculation or literal-minded and therefore worthless drudgery. Erik Erikson and his circle are now doing careful pioneering work; Manuel's book may claim the same high status.

Fortunately for the biographer inclined to see man psychoanalytically, Newton left behind some instructive material, and Manuel has used it well. He later recalled that his mother had often told him how small and frail he had been at birth; he also remembered that his mother remarried (his father had died before Isaac's birth) when he was three, and then had other children. Traumas enough for anyone, and Newton recorded them. In a series of word lists some of them copied from a model book but others free associations, Newton gave vent to his rage and to his destructive urges, ambiguously directed either against the outside world or against himself. None of this, of course, made Newton a genius—the history of the world is full of people who experienced, roughly, what Newton experienced, and never discovered anything—but it helped to make him the kind of genius he was. Utilizing these word lists, other equally elusive evidence, and—with exceptional skill—Newton's letters, Manuel conducts the reader on a detailed and well-documented tour of Isaac Newton's life and work, and does so convincingly. Even those who do not subscribe to Manuel's psychological theories will find it possible to enjoy the experience. After all, he claims little: "The innermost secrets of Isaac Newton," he writes, "have not been uncovered. Though the curtain may be raised briefly, one goes away burdened with doubt about what has actually been seen in that fleeting moment." Who can resist such a disclaimer—especially when it is made by someone who so obviously knows his Newton well?

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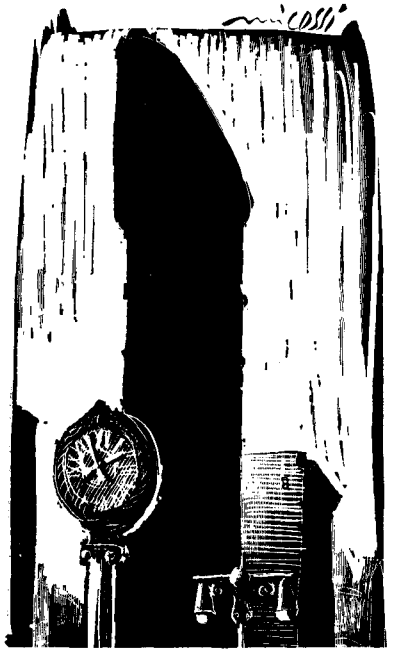
Of Atoms and Poetry

Lucretius: The Way Things Are, *translated from the Latin by Rolfe Humphries (Indiana University Press. 255 pp. $6.50), renders into English blank verse the philosophy and extraordinarily prescient scientific theories of a contemporary of Cicero and Caesar. John Chadwick is a Fellow of the British Academy and Reader in the Greek Language in the University of Cambridge.*

By JOHN CHADWICK

WHAT MAKES THE WORLD TICK? is no modern question. A scientist today might well say we live in a fortuitous compound of virtually indestructible matter which has evolved according to certain laws of nature, such as gravity and natural selection, so that the existence of other similar worlds is almost certain; that scientific knowledge has superseded belief in divine providence, that moral principles are based upon social constraints, and that religion, especially the fear about survival after death, has been responsible for more evil than good in the world's history. All this was said by a Roman called Lucretius, a contemporary of Cicero and Julius Caesar, whose book *On Nature* has been boldly translated by Rolfe Humphries as *The Way Things Are.*

Lucretius was not, however, an original philosopher; he got his science-based philosophy ready-made from Epicurus, a Greek who was far from being what we now mean by "an Epicurean." Although a materialist in the sense that he rejected the immortality of the soul and the direct intervention of the gods in human affairs, Lucretius was no mere sensualist; he advocated a withdrawal from the turmoil of life summed up in the motto "live without being noticed."



In the stress of public life at a time when the Roman Republic was breaking down, the appeal of such a philosophy was as understandable as it is today, though it went contrary to the old Roman ideals of hard work, duty to one's fellow men, and respect for the gods. The history of the last century B.C. would have been less stormy had more Romans followed Lucretius's example.

His originality lay in transforming a dull Greek tract into Latin poetry:

> Just as when doctors try to give to children
> A bitter medicine, they rim the cup
> With honey's sweetness, honey's golden flavor . . .
> So now do I, because this doctrine seems . . .
> So grim that people shrink from it, I've meant
> To explain the system in a sweeter music.

But poetry is not created by adding ornaments to prose; the poet must himself feel deeply if his sincerity is to come across. This Lucretius conspicuously achieves; not only are the duller expositions enlivened by vivid images—the swirling motion of atoms likened to dust particles caught in a shaft of sunlight in a darkened room—but throughout one is aware of the intensity of feeling, especially on the constantly recurring theme of death.

OVER and over again he reverts to the fear of death and summons all his eloquence to convince his readers (or himself?) that the soul is mortal, that "The guilty mind is its own torturer." He preaches with all the fervor of a convert; a strange conversion to a religion of noninvolvement, somewhat akin to Buddhism, in which the existence of gods is not denied, but they are regarded as

> Forever calm, serene, forever far
> From our affairs, beyond all pain, beyond
> All danger, in their own resources strong.

Hence salvation consists in freeing ourselves from strong emotions, not least from the domination of sex. But in order to enthrone reason in their place, we must fully understand the way things are; we must seek instead the intellectual pleasure of grasping why images seen in a mirror are reversed, how food can turn into flesh and blood inside us, what causes eclipses or earthquakes. Not all his explanations are correct of course; but some are strangely prescient, and all are based upon the scientific principle that there is a cause for every effect. The atomic theory—that matter is composed

(*Continued on page* 48)

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If I Forget Thee, O Jerusalem

My People: The Story of the Jews, *by Abba Eban (Random House. 534 pp. $15),* ***The Jews: Story of a People*** *by Howard Fast (Dial. 338 pp. $7.50), and* ***Jerusalem: A History of Forty Centuries,*** *by Teddy Kollek and Moshe Pearlman (Random House. 287 pp. $12.95), illuminate the emotions charging a tiny strip of exacerbated land. Seymour Siegel is professor of theology at the Jewish Theological Seminary.*

By SEYMOUR SIEGEL

THE TELLING AND THE RETELLING of their history has been a Jewish preoccupation for millennia. As far back as the eighth century B.C., at least 400 years before Thucydides took up his pen to describe the fortunes of Athens, before the Persians decided to commit historical events to writing, Jewish scribes were compiling that remarkable literature which eventually found its way into the Bible. These chroniclers related events as they happened. But because they wrote in the light of their vision of faith they transposed concrete events onto the wider plane of human history. The books under review were written by men whom nowadays we call laymen. They observe the conventional canons of modern historiography, and, although mentioned here and there in the narratives, God and the supernatural do not enter the warp and woof of their texture as explicitly operative factors. Yet the commitment of the ancient Hebrews shines through these three accounts.

Abba Eban's career as Israeli ambassador to the United States and to the United Nations, and currently as foreign minister of Israel, has projected him onto the stage of world politics, where his superb command of the language, his controlled yet effective passion have made him perhaps the best-known Jewish voice of our time. With accuracy, understanding and eloquence he now relates the story of the Jewish people from the beginning: from the "twilight zone where fact and legend meet" until the victories of the Six-Day War in June 1967. Beautiful prints, photographs and diagrams accompany the narrative.

Understandably, to Eban the culmination of Jewish history is the establishment of the State of Israel. Speaking with the authority of one who participated in them, he describes the events leading up to the declaration of statehood, the diplomatic and military struggles for survival, and the triumphs of consolidation and victory. Eban sees as the élan of Jewish history the development of humanistic values, the inner cultivation of which does not lead to a stifling particularism. Rather, it is only from a rooted center that these values can extend their radii outward to the whole of humanity. Although Eban views the State of Israel as the core of the Jewish people, he has appreciation for the contributions of American Judaism, which, he predicts, will not "be effaced by the assimilative inducements of its environment or by a decline in the anxious tensions surrounding Jewish survival."

THIS book and its sumptuous format will be welcomed by those who wish to learn more about Jews and Judaism. *My People* can also help to clarify some of the issues beclouded in the bitter debates in the United Nations and elsewhere about the justification for the Jewish State.

Howard Fast's *Freedom Road* is said to be "the most widely read novel of this century." In almost every country in the world his *Spartacus, Citizen Tom Paine* and other books are immensely popular. In telling the story of the Jews he uses the same pungent style that made them so readable. For him, "being a Jew is a special kind of wonder, not a condition of superiority and neither a condition of inferiority, but rather a condition of civilization, of being a little bit of an outsider with the outsider's point of view . . . being a Jew is a special kind of experience."

Fast tries to convey the quality of that "special kind of experience" through the history of the Jew and his resistance to tyrants and oppressors but, unfortunately, his accuracy does not equal his passion and verve. Fast's account is marred by egregious and even comic errors. For example, he says that the great first-century teacher Hillel "was certainly influenced by Cabbala . . ."—a term not known to refer to mysticism until centuries later. Fast asserts that the Jews in the American colonies "appear to have a connection with the Hasidim." The latter, however, did effectively influence European Jewry until the beginning of the nineteenth century. He is also given to quaint interpretations of Jewish history, such as the antiquated and largely discredited view that Moses and Joshua were leaders of different branches of ancient Jews or that "one cannot write of the Baal-Shem-Tov (the founder of Hasidism) without being reminded of Christ," and that "Ashkenazi Jews of Hasidic background or influence could no more take up arms than a Quaker"—a view that would surprise many in the Israeli army and in the armed forces of other countries. One can only wonder why the publisher did not submit the manuscript to competent scholars for routine checking.

The mayor of Jerusalem, Teddy Kollek, and the well-known Israeli writer Moshe Pearlman have produced a magnificent volume about Jerusalem, which "with a recorded history of some four thousand years has been more familiar to more people for a longer period than any other place on earth." Their history of that city from Davidic times down to our own day encompasses an account of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. Because it is the only city held in reverence by all three great monotheistic faiths the religions and Jerusalem are inexorably bound one with the other. The Kollek-Pearlman narrative is accompanied by stunning photographs, prints, and maps, which convey the haunting beauty of Jerusalem, so vivid to anyone who has ever visited there. The book also makes clear the attachment of Jews to Jerusalem throughout the centuries. Except when barred by Romans or conquering Crusaders, Jewish settlements have always existed in the city, an important fact to remember in the light of accusations and distortions that crop up so frequently in United Nations debates and discussions.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

STRICTLY AVIAN

For today's puzzle, credit the team of the Reverend Wesley D. Osborne of Yonkers, N.Y., Mrs. Osborne, and their teen-aged daughter Anne. They want you to fill each blank with a bird, the name of each bird being spelled the same as the verb defined alongside (e.g., *swindle: rook*). For answers, wing your way to page 63.

1. avoid _____
2. frolic _____
3. peddle loudly _____
4. dupe _____
5. gloat _____
6. swear (*dialect*) _____
7. stretch forward _____
8. lose courage _____
9. devour greedily _____
10. complain _____
11. repeat by rote _____
12. accept without question _____
13. waver unsteadily _____
14. tilt _____
15. plunged _____
16. shoot at individuals _____

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The Arab's Case

Continued from page 25

curity Council of the United Nations of November 22, 1967, which seems to many reasonably objective diplomats as a formula well short of total capitulation and offering an honorable, negotiated settlement.

The Israelis, the author charges, have often failed to understand the need for concessions on their part, and "the reason for this failure has usually been their inveterate mistrust of everybody and everything, a mistrust which the intransigence of Arab propaganda, however unreal and unmeant, could only increase."

Should Israel refuse the concessions Mr. Rodinson regards as vital, the outlook is grim. The Arabs may adopt the strategy advised by Mao Tse-tung, he suggests—that of revolutionary war. Of course, from some standpoints, notably that of a number of Marxist members of the various guerrilla bands, the revolutionary war has already begun. And, as Mr. Rodinson points out, their activities are likely to spread if Israel retains the territories conquered in 1967.

Israel and the Arabs quite probably will be criticized as anti-Semitic. But the judicious reader is more likely to conclude that it is anti-Zionist, an attempt by an intelligent man to put into perspective the wrong he believes was done the Arabs by the creation of the State of Israel.

THE book suffers from Mr. Rodinson's or perhaps translator Michael Perl's penchant for melodramatic clichés. *Israel and the Arabs* is full of sworn enemies, fatal mistakes, most dreaded foes. And there is that old favorite from the days when Mr. Molotov was laying down the law at international meetings, "as is well known"—a phrase that the late Ernest Bevin said was invariably used to introduce material which was not only not well known but highly tendentious.

Yet *Israel and the Arabs* passes one test: It adds to the sum of human knowledge on a controversial, dangerous situation at a moment when the need is for more information. Maxime Rodinson is sure to offend many Jews and he is unlikely to please all Arabs, particularly those who represent the conservative wing. But he has added perspective to our view of the Middle East turmoil and, in doing so, he has contributed something, it may be, to its solution. Any solution will be attained only when people are aware not only of the dangers but of the complexities that lie behind the passions. No one can say now what the final settlement will be. But it is obvious that there will be no final settlement until all concerned begin to understand the other man's point of view.

Graciela

Graciela is a shy and timid three year old—a Chilean child. Her family, losing everything and terrorized by the recent earthquake, fled from its destruction and arrived in Santiago homeless. A struggling Protestant Day School, just affiliated with Children, Incorporated, noting their hunger and extreme need, let them occupy rent free a small wooden shack of one windowless room with a dirt floor. There are three beds for a family of seven but only one mattress and insufficient covering. TB germs lurk in the dust of summer and sticky mud of winter. The father, when he can secure work, makes about $30 a month. Graciela has been squeezed into the crowded day school which is trying to help her family.

Although the school manages to meet the Government's teaching standards, its buildings are flimsy, without electricity and in urgent need of repairs. 300 children are enrolled with 85 more approved for admission but money is lacking to accommodate them. Graciela, like the other children, exists under sub-human conditions. The lunch which the school tries to provide, is the nearest thing to a real meal cruel poverty permits to most of these children. Insufficient and improper food bloats their bodies and weakens and stunts their development.

Chile is a beautiful land friendly people and bright, attractive children. But there are the Gracielas who have so pitifully little—they are "unfinished children". They have such potential. Their lives could be so changed if they could be helped even a little. They could blossom out into lovable, bright and capable youngsters. Graciela's life can be changed, like that of other similarly needy children, her whole future could be broadened and the worried look in her little face could disappear if she were sponsored under the CI "Adoption Plan". The cost of an "adoption" is the same as in all the CI projects around the world—$12 a month.

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

The Cognoscenti Abroad—II
James Jones's Paris

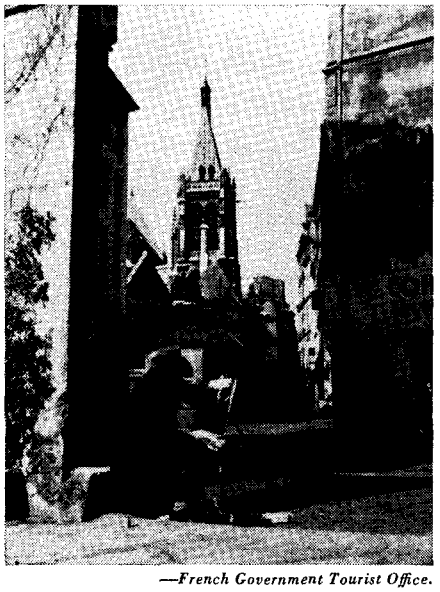
JAMES JONES'S PARIS is divided into three parts—the Right Bank where he wheels and deals, the Ile St. Louis where he lives and writes, the Left Bank where he loafs. "I rarely go to the Right Bank except to work on films," said Jones, his craggy Cagney features made more leonine by curling golden sideburns. "I don't like writing movie scripts, but the pay is high and so is the price of Paris. My wife and I had come to Paris in 1958—we figured for maybe a year—but Gloria got pregnant and we had our choice of staying or going back to Pottsville, Pennsylvania. I was walking on the Ile St. Louis and saw a house with two floors for sale. The price was so steep, paying it off committed us to Paris for ten years. We flipped a coin and bought one floor. When our daughter Kaylie was born we needed more room. I put on my suit from Sills in New York with no pads in the shoulders, carried a briefcase rattlingly empty except for a movie script, and went over to the Champs Elysées to see the producers, actors, and agents who hang out upstairs at Fouquets.

"Well, today we own two floors with a Zanuck suite, a Mirisch suite, a Nicholas Ray suite, and I'm scripting my way up to the third. As our bills get bigger our roots grow deeper; Paris has become our home. I wouldn't live anywhere else. It has nothing to do with my work; when I'm at a typewriter I could just as well be living in New York. But when the day's stint is done I walk the streets with Stendhal, Proust, Rousseau, and Voltaire. I stand under the arches of the Eiffel Tower and dream I'm in a pre-Zuni village at some prehistoric time. I feel lost in a primeval forest among the columns of Notre Dame. I get goosepimples just looking at this scene."

The view from the Jones's seventeenth-century house on the Quai d'Orléans embraces St. Séverin, St.-Etienne-du-Mont, St.-Julien-le-Pauvre, and beyond the Panthéon the gray mass of Montparnasse. Just below flows the Seine, and straight ahead stretches the Pont de la Tournelle with its ultramodern statue of Ste. Geneviève, patron saint of Paris, "looking," said Jones, "like the world's first rocket ready to leave its gantry." Beneath the bridge lazed a clutch of *clochards*, the hobos of Paris. "If my wife leaves me and my children disown me and the critics keep panning my books, I'll become a *clochard*. Meanwhile, if you still want to know why I live in Paris, just dig that view."

Within, the walls of the Zanuck suite blaze with oils by Beauford Delaney. A Louis XIII refectory table is laden with old books, bills, and fresh fruit. A Gothic pulpit serves as a bar, a *prie-dieu* as a stool, a hand grenade as a silencer of drunks and fools. Upstairs, in his workshop, James Jones wrote *The Thin Red Line*, *The Ice-Cream Headache*, and *Go to the Widow-Maker*. Shelves hold leatherbound editions of earlier works, *From Here to Eternity*, *The Pistol*, *Some Came Running*. A Calder mobile flutters overhead, and one wall is covered with eighteen bowie knives, a Bronze Star, and a Purple Heart, souvenirs of his service on Guadalcanal.

It was Sunday night and Gloria was giving a spaghetti party for William Styron, Françoise Sagan, and Romain Gary. Jones went out to get the groceries. He shot a game of pinball at L'Escale, a bar on the corner of the Rue des Deux Ponts, then studied the posters in front of No. 7, an outpost of Ellen Stewart's La Mama called the Café aux Deux Ponts, one of Paris's four miniature café-theaters where one can watch Diderot for the price of a drink. A few doors down was the Maison Forcellini, festooned with Slega hams, mortadella, salami, and carboys of Broglio chianti. While the henna-haired Madame Forcellini wrapped the antipasto, Jones crossed the street and stood before a tablet on No. 10: "To the memory of the 112 tenants of this house of whom 40 were small children deported in 1942 and died in German prison camps." "Sole survivor," Jones said, "is Madame Forcellini.



—*French Government Tourist Office.*

"When the day's stint is done . . . Paris."

"I make a point of reading that tablet every day. Depressing, but good for the soul. It symbolizes civilization gone berserk. When a government has so much importance and power in the lives of men, it takes only one little thing to turn it backward to a previously unimagined barbarism. The terrifying thing is that it can happen any time in any country in the guise of morality."

Turning homeward on the Rue St.-Louis-en-l'Ile, Jones pointed to the Hotel Chenizot "as fine a specimen of seventeenth-century architecture as any on the island, with a gateway, gallery, and staircase second to none. The Archbishop of Paris lived here until he was bumped off at the barricades in 1848. I was almost bumped off at the barricades of May 1968 when supplies were cut by the student strike and Paris was threatened with drought. But that Nicolas Depot across the street sent me their last fifteen bottles of scotch and saved my life."

There are a number of scaffolded houses undergoing renovation in the neighborhood. "The Ile is reverting to the rich. In 1609, three speculators made a deal with the Crown to develop the island, subdividing it into lots in return for rentals over sixty years. A medieval Levittown, I guess, until artists moved in, driving down the rents and forcing out the bourgeoisie. But now speculators are coming back and crowding out the artists. Sort of leaves me in the middle."

With Michelin's finest forks to choose from, Jones eats in the unrated Brasserie de l'Ile St. Louis at 55 Quai de Bourbon. "In a Right Bank restaurant you have to wear a coat and tie in the warmest weather. Here I can eat bare if I want." Plain as a wooden Alsatian shoe, the Brasserie lays down on paper-covered boards the tastiest tripe, *cassoulets*, and *choucroutes garnies* in Paris, and its Mutzig beer, Jones swore, is France's best. The chef, Otto Wagner, cooked for Rommel in the Afrika Korps until he was captured by the French and, having seen Paris, stayed for good. Busy, boisterous, with food flung at hordes of contented customers by overworked waiters, the Brasserie smacks of a military mess. "But," said Otto, "the pork and beans iss better, *nicht*?"

On forays into the Left Bank, Jones prefers Chez René, 14 Boulevarde Saint-Germain. The proprietor, René Cinquin, served *Kirs* on the house—apéritifs of white wine and cassis concocted by his friend, the mayor of Dijon,

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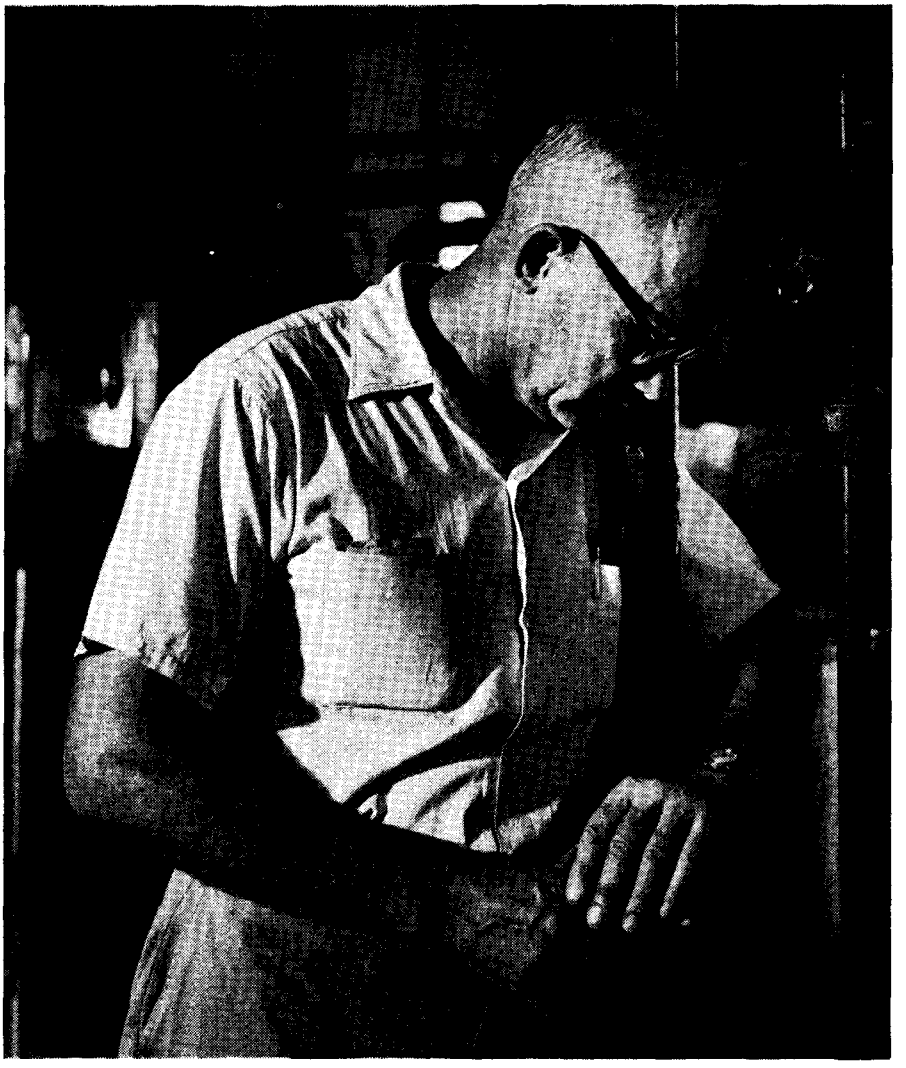
an ex-Maquis, a Catholic priest, and leader of the local Communist party. Jones's high opinion of the chateaubriand was upheld, and there were raspberries for dessert. "Half the enjoyment of food," he said, "is not taste but texture —the feel of a raspberry on the tongue and teeth. But food and drink are not the symbols of civilization. The emblem of a truly sophisticated society is a goose quill toothpick. America will never really be civilized until its restaurants give up that plastic crap."

The Rue du Cardinal Lemoine starts out as a sedate street. Ascending Montparnasse, it takes on the frantic aspect of an Algerian *fondouk*, a wild assortment of dry goods, alimentation, and antiques spilling out from its shops onto the sidewalks. "This is Hemingway country," said Jones. "I bought a copy of *A Moveable Feast* and spent three days trying to trace the places he described. I even went over to Gertrude Stein's house on the Rue de Fleurus and peeked through the gate like a tourist. A Frenchman in his undershirt was watching from a window. He called out, 'I guess you're looking for the apartment of Gertrude Stein. I live in it. Come in.' I didn't go. Hemingway's Paris doesn't exist. The book really isn't about Paris. It's about Hemingway. It shocked and horrified me, the egomania of the man. One has to be an egomaniac to be a writer, but you've got to hide it. Hemingway was more concerned with being an international celebrity than in writing great books. He worked harder on his image than on his integrity. He was a swashbuckler who didn't swash his buckle or" —Jones reconsidered—"who didn't buckle his swash."

Over coffee outside La Chope on the Place de la Contrescarpe Jones talked about his own credo as an artist. "It's all right to let artistic license change what you're writing in order to create better understanding of what you want to say. It's proper for a novelist to play different roles with different people to get attention and affection in a book. But it isn't proper in real life to make promises which deep in your heart you know you can't keep. It's hard to distinguish between the two. You're acting all the time when you're writing. You're after a role and different roles fit different people. If I'm flirting with a girl, I act one way. If I'm looking for a man's admiration and respect, I act another way. There are many roles and it is permissible to act them out in a novel, but it is dishonest to do so in real life. It's done in politics, in movies, in business, in love, and Hemingway did it in how he lived and what he wrote. But I consider this a terrible loss in human integrity which must be paid for at the other end. Fiction teaches that which is not sayable



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but can be felt and understood. Fiction may be dying but this will live."

Jones paid the tab and crossed the square. "Right here in the Place de la Contrescarpe was the last barricade to fall to the *flics* on Friday, May 27. Over there, on the Rue Mouffetard is Le Bus, an old Parisian omnibus turned into a student nightclub. It isn't exactly Las Vegas but Le Bus sort of sets the theme of the May revolution in its ads—'the song, enthusiasm, talent, and humor of youth.'" The song, enthusiasm, talent, and humor of French youth have been rocking kings, popes, prime ministers, presidents, and pedagogues ever since the Sorbonne was established. In the twelfth century a scholar named Abélard challenged the Sorbonne's authority and forced Pope Innocent II to allow students to make their own rules and regulations. In 1407, the King's Provost made the mistake of hanging some students. He was forced personally to cut their bodies from the scaffold, bury them, and publicly beg the students' pardon. It was too late to do the dead students any good, but ever since, police intervention in the Sorbonne's affairs has been taboo. That taboo was broken in May and the Government got another dose of the song, enthusiasm, talent, and humor of youth.

We came out of the Latin Quarter at the Rue de Seine. Beauford Delaney, whose work Jones collects, is handled by the Darthea Speyer Gallery on the Rue Jacques Callot. After chatting with Darthea, a quondam cultural officer at the American Embassy whose official exhibitions of American moderns shook Paris, encouraging her to open a successful gallery of her own, Jones searched out Beauford's studio on Rue Vercingétorix. The top floor was almost choked by a proliferating avocado that Beauford had grown from a pit. From among its branches the gentle sixty-year-old Tennesseean produced a few paintings, one of which, an abstract Ella Fitzgerald, Jones bought on the spot. Beauford confessed he'd never laid eyes on Ella Fitzgerald. "I just painted something I saw in my mind."

Jones talked about Paris, the light that attracted artists, the lure it held for Negro writers. Beauford shook his head. "I don't think about Paris as a Negro. I'm accepted here, but Boston was also open to me. And I'm not here because of the light. Light is universal; it's in one's heart. Paris is marvelous, but every place is marvelous if, like Mahalia Jackson used to sing, you have within you the power of the Holy Ghost. I'm in Paris because I'm dust in the wind. The wind blew me here and I stayed because I wanted to grow and become me. Someday the wind will blow me away, but when I'm gone, maybe my pictures will live."

We dined one night in the Confucius, a Vietnamese restaurant at 81 Rue St.-Louis-en-l'Ile. Over Tonkin soup, *boulettes de porc,* and black mushrooms, the owner, Huynh Cong Ngo, admitted he didn't know who would win the war. "For America to win it, it must kill all the Vietnamese. For the Vietcong to win, it must drive out the Americans. Both are impossible." In Confucian simplicity, Huynh concluded, "There are honorable people on both sides."

Jones commandeered a cab to Le Nuage, a dimly lit semi-psychedelic *boite* at 5 Rue Bernard-Palissy off Saint-Germain-des-Prés. Every table was taken with the likes of Michele Morgan, Belmondo, Antoine Blondin, Jeanne Moreau, Georges Pompidou, Darryl Zanuck, Sammy Davis, and other fixtures of the trans-Atlantic jet set. The owner, Johnny Romero, a strapping Puerto Rican from Santurce, had come to Paris via Greenwich Village. He treated to a Nuage Special—vodka, crème de cacao, a dash of grenadine—and listened to Bill Styron do "Senator Styron of Alabama" on civil rights. When the laughter subsided, Johnny confided his secret for a successful bistro: "There is no entertainment that can compete with clever conversation."

We left early. There were still parts of Paris to see. Under an ancient arcade beside the Seine, Jones found the Hotel de Rouen where Saint-Beuve used to live. "I come here often to reflect on the fact that Balzac actually bit himself in fury because he couldn't get a good review from Saint-Beuve. Without this place to calm me down after reading reviews of *Widow-Maker,* I'd have chewed myself to death!"

A short way off slept St.-Julien-le-Pauvre. Jones leaned against the Ro-

binia tree brought from America in 1680, the oldest tree in Paris. Ahead, across the river, loomed the flank of Notre Dame dimly lit by a dying moon. "You're looking," said Jones, "at the loveliest sight in Paris."

Then, crossing the Pont au Double, we walked to the tip of the Ile de la Cité and sat on a bench before the memorial to the Martyrs of the Deportation. Below, in a crypt, burned 200,000 lights in memory of Frenchmen fallen in the poisoned fog and night of Nazi prisons.

"It's the best place I know," said Jones, "to consider the history of violence and its effect on the human race. I don't mean only war, but the violence of nature, of plagues, of famine, of storms and earthquakes, of amoeba feeding on each other. The human race isn't violent by choice. The human race is violent because it lives on a planet created in and based on violence. There's no one to blame for war, for genocide, for chopping down innocent trees to build barricades—not Napoleon, or Hitler, or Cohn-Bendit. We must blame ourselves. We must learn to control the earthly violence within each of us. We must move out of primitive violence toward something better of the spirit."

—ARTHUR GOODFRIEND.

Arthur Goodfriend, former journalist and foreign service official and widely published author, recently visited some leading artistic and literary figures in Europe. This is one of a series of reports he is writing on their impressions. Mr. Goodfriend, who lives in Washington, D.C., is assistant to the president of Project Hope, part of People to People Health Foundation, Inc.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Boo-boo in Boston

BOSTON, MASS.

SARAH CALDWELL, artistic director and guiding force of The Opera Company of Boston, has made almost everyone's blacklist—very probably for the first time in her distinguished career—with the all-Béla Bartók program which she presented recently at the Shubert Theater. Opera lovers had every reason to be irritated since two of the three productions had no singing at all, and the third was an opera in duet form. And balletomanes had every reason to complain since the ballet, *The Wooden Prince*, and the pantomime, *The Miraculous Mandarin*, as choreographed by Imre Eck of Hungary's Ballet Sopianae, were just awful.

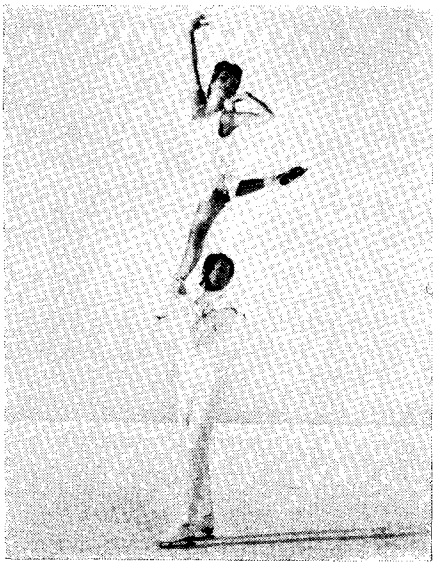
Casting about, rather desperately, for something charitable to say, all I can think of is that *The Miraculous Mandarin* has caused other choreographers considerable trouble, although Joseph Lazzini's version, seen here with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet in 1965, was by far the best I have encountered. I don't think that Balanchine or Ashton or de Mille could do anything with *The Wooden Prince*, unless they ditched the idiotic libretto—which tries to relate a fairy story with the tritest elements of naughty human behavior—and simply used the attractive score as a choreographic springboard. The pantomime—or wild-eyed emotional reactions that Mr. Eck devised for his staging—was even more idiotic, if that is possible.

The imported Hungarian performers (including Mr. Eck as the Mandarin), who performed the leading roles in both ballet and pantomime, were competent. Members of the Boston Ballet, who augmented the casts, did valiantly and danced well. As for the opera, *Bluebeard's Castle*, it was so statically staged that one wanted to cry out for the New York City Ballet's superb production in which John Butler used marvelous dance images to echo in movement the marvelous Bartók sounds.

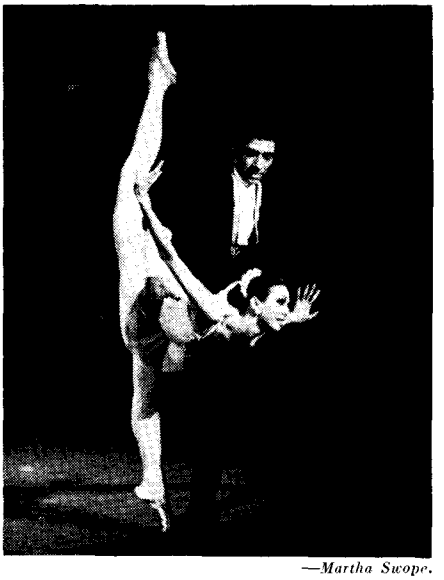
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Produced by the New York City Ballet at the New York State Theater in Lincoln Center, *Tchaikovsky Suite* is the best ballet that Jacques d'Amboise, one of the most brilliant of today's leading male dancers, has choreographed. This does not mean that we have a great ballet but, simply, a better one.

The most ingratiating grin in the theater of dance belongs to d'Amboise. This very personal attribute he has translated into dance movement for his new ballet. At its best, it smiles kinetically. There are times, however, when you look and when you feel that he doesn't know very much about the *craft* of choreography and is simply filling in steps while the muse is out to lunch. But then comes the smile, and all is well again for a while as the d'Amboise grin finds release in antic responses to music—situation or just plain muscle-fun.



Romayne and Steele, ballet-trained, warm up as dancers (left) before donning skates for their headline appearances in the Ice Capades—"one of the ice world's most engaging duos."



—*Martha Swope.*

The new d'Amboise ballet, *Tchaikovsky Suite*, with Francisco Moncion and Allegra Kent—"At its best, it smiles kinetically."

Because of the Tchaikovsky musical base, there is a hint of old Russia in the booted, broad-sleeved males, and in the planting of heels on stage—even in toe shoes—as if to suggest an earthy folk dance. But there is a tenuousness that leaves unlinked some very effective startings and stoppings.

The dashing young John Prinz (how exciting he was as the newest Cavalier in *The Nutcracker*!), with a Cossack attack, and Marnee Morris are excellent in the first movement. The high point, at least for me, is the second section in which Allegra Kent moves with lyrical loveliness in company with Francisco Moncion—who dates back to the first season of the New York City Ballet twenty years ago, and who comports himself like a performer and not as an advanced student—a status now fashionable with the New York City Ballet.

John Clifford, who doesn't behave like a student who got a gold star on his report card, headed the third movement of the d'Amboise ballet and turned up with some exciting sequences of actions, with the charming Linda Merrill as his partner.

"If you've seen one, you've seen 'em all" is the tolerant but unfair curse customarily directed at ice shows. There are always exceptions, and the current Ice Capades (the twenty-ninth edition) is—to use an old-fashioned expression—a humdinger. Not too long ago, we used to say that a good show was streamlined, but that invited comparison with sleek cars. This new ice show, with speed and glitter and three-screen projections and wild lighting, is jetstreamed. It's really gorgeous.

The great skating is there and the campy comics and the big production numbers, but the pace, the beat are now.

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The stars don't just take off, they peel out.

For the dance-minded, the big number is *Rhapsody for Piano and Ice,* choreographed by Robert Turk to a specially commissioned score by James Harbert. Phil Romayne and Cathy Steele—one of the ice world's most engaging duos—head the cast in that part of this skating ballet dealing with romance, impeccable technique, and lovely adagio; but there are also other episodes that bring in different rhythms, different styles, different colors. Incidentally, Romayne and Steele are ballet trained, so it is not surprising that they bring balletic elegance and polish to their skating skills.

The twenty-ninth edition of the Ice Capades also keeps its groovy approach with a delicious satire on a popular television show. It's called—you guessed it!—*Mission Improbable* and it's a hoot. Other highlights include a show-stopping precision routine by the skating corps; the antics of the indestructible Freddie Trenkler—and if you don't laugh with him you're not well; Spanky, the chimpanzee, who skates better than most of us and is star stuff to boot; and Tommy Litz, World Free Style Champion, who brings the Ice Capades right back to what skating is all about with one of the most dazzling performances to be seen anywhere.

Two Ice Capades companies are currently on the road. The one that played New York at Madison Square Garden, and which is herein described will be performing in Washington, D.C., when you read this and, subsequently, in such places as Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, and on out to Los Angeles. Don't miss it.

WIT TWISTER #97

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Our junk heaps, _ _ _ _ _
of metallic blight,
Are graveyards of things no one
_ _ _ _ _ for here.
Poor future _ _ _ _ _, seeking past delight,
We'll _ _ _ _ _ you with this sordid souvenir!

(*Answer on page* 63)

SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

The Old, the New, and the Ugly

"IF IT'S NEW, it's good," runs the current equation in the arts, and contemporary artists in all fields seem bent on knocking themselves out in proving how thoroughly contemporary they can be. There are assaults on the eyes, assaults on the ears—multi-media assaults on all the senses—all proffered in affirmation of how thoroughly "with it" their perpetrators can be. Experimentation, of course, is something to be encouraged—but not if it carries with it as a natural concomitant the slogan, "If it's old, it's bad."

Illustrative of this is a new "old" Western by the illustrious team of Alan J. Pakula and Robert Mulligan, responsible for, among others, *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *Up the Down Staircase. The Stalking Moon* is their first essay in this field and, with the aid of a notably laconic script by Alvin Sargent (adapted from the novel by Theodore V. Olsen), they have brought it off beautifully. Essentially, it is the story of a hero who "must do what he must do" (Gregory Peck), the woman he has undertaken to protect (Eva Marie Saint), and the murderous Apache who stalks them from Arizona to New Mexico to wrest away from them his son. It is a simple plot, such as most good Westerns have, and it is simply told, without a great deal of camera trickery or editing effects. And miracle of miracle in this age of split screens and Richard Lester: it works!

It works primarily, I suspect, because the material is ideally suited to the screen in the first place. In the few moments we have to look at each shot, the eye glances nervously about in search of clues. Behind any rock or bush, in the branches of any tree may lurk the deadly Salvaje, who has already left behind him a trail of corpses. The camera comes in tight on Gregory Peck, eyes narrowed, jaw set. Was that sound in the forest the cry of a bird, or Salvaje luring him on to his destruction?

Robert Mulligan, the director, has captured well not only the tensions, but the Western landscape that creates them. Fog shrouds a canyon soon after we learn that the Indian has tracked Peck, Miss Saint, and the boy to their cabin nearby. Does it also conceal Salvaje? On the ground, a close-up reveals a coil of dead brush. A moment later, it proves to be the spring to a deadly ambush. With such devices, and his ever-taut script, Mulligan builds his film to a nerve-shattering climax. Of course, nobody raises the question of whether a father—even if he is only an Indian—should have the right to raise his own son in his own way. But that, too, is part of the tradition of the old Western, and it interferes not at all with one's enjoyment of a good, old-fashioned story excitingly told.

One longs for a similar professionalism in *Double-Stop,* a first film by Roger and Gerald Sindell that is at once awkward and attractive. It is attractive because these two young men, very earnestly and honestly, are trying to deal with very real problems of today—the problems of young parents who are trying to educate their children in a city where the child has become a pawn of a system that seeks to placate all sides; and also the problems of young people who are not yet ready to make commitments of any kind. As the title suggests, these problems are intertwined fugue-fashion as the film develops—but, unlike the fugal form, their resolution here has no satisfying inevitability. A chance murder brings two friends, members of the Cleveland Symphony, closer together, but hardly answers the question of what to do when you object to your boy's being bussed to an integrated school. Still, the question is raised, and the world of the artist explored with some sensitivity; but, as in too many privately financed first films, where self-expression becomes more important than commercial success, the Sindlers have permitted themselves all sorts of self-indulgences. Their picture looks beautiful, is obviously sincere, yet lapses into moments of didacticism and bathos that are embarrassing to watch.

Compared to Otto Preminger's *Skidoo,* however, *Double-Stop* is a masterpiece. This has to be the ugliest film of 1969—fumbling old plot, feeble old gags, dirty old men. The trouble is that Preminger tries to make it seem new, with psychedelic sequences, a bouncing Nilsson score, and all sorts of references to flower children and love. Despite a cast that is long on comics, it is short on laughs. And despite the fact that he has been sporting a Nehru jacket in his numerous TV appearances recently, the film reveals that Mr. Preminger is no more "with it" than John Wayne. Curiously, in his private life Otto Preminger is the most tasteful of men. Unfortunately, none of that taste seems to turn up in his pictures.

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TV-Radio

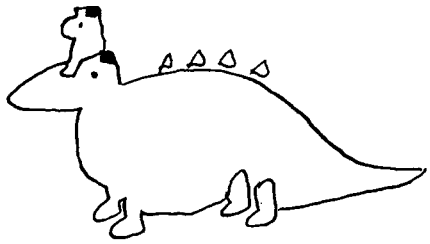
Robert Lewis Shayon

Guarding the Goodies

IF YOU LIVE in Cheyenne, Wyoming (population: 50,000), more than 100 miles from Denver—the nearest major market—virtually all your local news, advertising, and programing would come courtesy of the McCraken family, predominant owners of media in southern Wyoming. That family's Frontier Broadcasting Company, either directly or through its principals, owns KFBC-TV, the only TV station in the city; controls the only full-time Cheyenne AM radio station; operates the only FM station and expects to put a second FM station on the air early this year; controls the only two daily newspapers in the Cheyenne area and the only Sunday newspaper; and has been granted by the City Council what amounts to an exclusive franchise for a cable television (CATV) system.

KFBC-TV's three-year license expired last October, and Frontier's application for renewal was challenged by Cheyenne Enterprises, Inc., a CATV applicant, combining local and multiple business interests, that lost out to Frontier in competition before the City Council for the CATV franchise. Said the loser to the FCC: Frontier's exceptional dominance of the media in Cheyenne violates antitrust and public interest standards; please don't renew their TV license unless they give up their CATV franchise. The FCC, upon receipt of the petition to deny, routinely deferred Frontier's license renewal; but in the normal course of events, the Commission probably would have granted the renewal eventually.

The FCC is notorious for treating broadcast licenses as virtually vested property rights, despite the fact that renewals regularly clash with Commission policies on the maintenance of diversity in communications through limitations on monopoly and cross-ownership of newspapers and radio and TV stations. Commissioners Nicholas Johnson and Kenneth A. Cox might have raised questions about Frontier's concentration of media control in Cheyenne, but the FCC staff and a majority of the Commission probably would have shrugged off the protest of the losing CATV bidders as a case of sour grapes. Attorneys for Cheyenne Enterprises, Inc., however, were smart enough to anticipate such an outcome; and consequently they filed a copy of their petition with the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice. This division has been a major irritant to FCC Chairman Rosel H. Hyde, thanks to its watchdog policy of fighting giant mergers in the communications field that involve broadcasting interests, and of opposing radio-TV license renewals where cross-ownership of newspapers and broadcasters is a significant factor in concentration of media control. Washington communications lawyers say candidly that Justice has been doing the FCC's work. The antitrust people did it in the famous ABC-ITT merger attempt; and more recently in stopping cross-ownership in Rockford, Illinois, and Beaumont, Texas. They intervene in FCC proceedings and they go to court, over the FCC's head, forcing consent decrees and divestitures, even after the Commission has approved renewals.



The Justice people operate on anti-competitive and monopoly principles; they continually urge the FCC to oppose mergers and cross-ownership of media on the much broader grounds of the public's interest in diversity of control of media that serve local communities with news, advertising, and programing. Commented one Washington attorney: "FCC and Justice play Alphonse and Gaston, and meanwhile everybody runs off with the goodies." In the Cheyenne (KFBC-TV) case, the outgoing Democrat at Justice, Assistant Attorney General Edwin M. Zimmerman filed a petition with the FCC on December 30, 1968 (three weeks before President Nixon's inauguration), asking that Frontier Broadcasting be granted only a qualified renewal, to give it time to sell its TV license. When Justice speaks in broadcasting, the FCC cannot escape paying attention: One may presume that the Commission will hold a hearing on the Cheyenne renewal. Thus, what was an economic struggle between two profit-oriented entrepreneurial groups has now become an important case that may open up a new frontier—re-examination on a substantive level of monopoly situations in newspaper-broadcasting common ownership, as well as cross-ownership within the broadcasting media.

The Cheyenne case is just a scratch—a mere beginning. The Senate's Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee has called attention to what one expert termed "a jungle of corporate incest." In Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Fort Smith, Arkansas, and in dozens of other cities, large communications combines completely dominate local media. Not only non-broadcasting giants are involved, but also the three networks and smaller groups. Pending are great mergers—as examples, Metromedia-Transamerica, Westinghouse-MCA, National General-Warner Brothers-Seven Arts, and St. Regis Paper-RCA. J. B. Sinclair, president of The Outlet Company, a merchandising-broadcasting group, commented recently, " . . . broadcasting generates cash, and when it piles too high, you have to do something with it. . . . "

The acquisition game will grow hotter in 1969; and against the FCC's apathetic track record, the future of the Department of Justice policies is crucial to the public interest. The broadcasting industry is praying that President Nixon will "cool the Antitrust Division, and stop its forcing of the FCC to action." The outcome is by no means certain one way or another. The Antitrust Division was tough in Eisenhower's Administration. In any event, the Justice Department's filing in the Frontier Broadcasting renewal, at the very last moment before the Administration changed hands, may well have caught the McCraken family in a national spotlight from which there is no escape.

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

What Makes Dutch Art Dutch

DURING A TRIP to Holland last month, I was struck by the indelible imprint this small country produces on its native painters. Environment has always, I suppose, played a strong role, but surely nowhere more effectively than in the Netherlands. Why I am not quite sure. Possibly because Holland remains a land where continuity has resulted in a recognizably indigenous personality which still persists, a fact that does not necessarily imply isolation from the rest of the world but rather the presence of a national individualism rare in our times.

Though one can lavishly admire Vermeer, Saenredam, Rembrandt, Van Gogh, and Mondrian without knowing the land that produced them, still to know it is to understand them better. And by knowing I do not mean merely a nod to the country's more obvious physical characteristics, important as they are. After all, the Lowlands are so named for good reason; they are low, wide, and flat. The cities, if never precipitous in a modern skyscraper sense, have a rectangular verticality resulting from densely organized architecture. In my memories of Holland, steep, narrow staircases are a constant leitmotif.

The lucid angularity that permeates cities like Amsterdam and The Hague encouraged those so-called seventeenth-century Little Masters who painted affectionate small canvases devoted to the activities of a burgeoning middle class. But Saenredam and Vermeer, despite the modest size of their pictures, were far more than "little masters." They transcended purely visual experiences, while using such experiences as points of departure. With pearly light and structured space, they gave daily scenes a noble permanence.

To travel from Amsterdam to The Hague in less than an hour—the train stopping at Leyden, Haarlem, and several other important towns—is to understand why homogeneity pervades this compact nation. No mountains, no plains, no changes in climate, no vast dimensions divide the country. It is all of a piece. As the fields stretch out toward low unobstructed horizons, they allow the skyscape to become more pronounced than the landscape, a phenomenon frequently exploited by such master cloud-makers as Jacob van Ruisdael and Hercules Seghers. The latter also appreciated the boundless space an open sky provides.

During most of the winter Holland is sunless. The mists, which have a strange, remote transparency, seem less gray than a muted ivory gold. And it is exactly this elusive color coupled with an uncompromisingly pure design that turns what otherwise might be a fine architectural composition by Saenredam into a unique masterpiece. The same, of course, is true of Vermeer's paintings. They could end up as little more than exquisite genre scenes, but their indomitable structure and controlled light cause the immediate facts of life to retreat. And yet, it is the simple facts of life that are their source material.

What then made Saenredam and Vermeer different from most of their contemporaries? It was, I think, their ability to abstract, to take solely what they needed from what they knew, to extract only the kernel from the commonplace. A plump Dutch girl, a map on the wall, a jug on the table—these are the superficial accouterments of Vermeer's paintings. In his hands familiar forms assumed a serenity, a balance, and silence so complete as to create another world. Because tradition played a strong role in Dutch seventeenth-century painting, men like Vermeer and Saenredam could adhere to the past while yet drastically restructuring it. For them, the episodic, so popular with artists of their period, was sacrificed to more timeless investigations.

Saenredam's views of church architecture were less concerned with churches than with what today we might call minimal structures. To humanize his immaculate designs, he used neither people nor events but instead a pervasive, tender luminosity. The light plays across his complex spaces like a living force. Other Dutch artists of the period, notably de Witte, also specialized in church scenes, frequently producing limpid white-pillared perspectives, but they

—*Worcester Art Museum.*

The St. Bavo Church in Haarlem **by Saenredam—". . . the impersonal majesty of Saenredam's flawless classicism."**

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never approximated the impersonal majesty of Saenredam's flawless classicism.

As for present-day minimal structurists, very few are more rigorously economical than Saenredam, though I imagine even fewer would accept him as a forebear or, indeed, know that he ever existed. They would be more apt to admire that famous modern Dutchman, Piet Mondrian, who continued Saenredam's search for impeccable order. One questions whether it was coincidence that caused both men to start their careers as meticulous flower painters, an area in nature that suggests at once fragility and resolved definition.

The scrupulous discipline that produced Vermeer, Saenredam, and Mondrian also created a reverse reaction. At times we respond to direct insistent stimuli. At other times we fight against these stimuli because they are too insistent. No country has developed a more deliberately organized or cooler art than Holland, yet no other land has generated more fervently charged canvases than those of Van Gogh, Rembrandt (in his later years), and Willem de Kooning today. For it was in Holland that modern Expressionism was initiated, if not by Rembrandt, then certainly some two centuries later by Vincent. Art is often cyclical. Mondrian, Vermeer, and Saenredam pursued a universal harmony. They were not humanists; they were searching for an ideal rationale. Rembrandt, Van Gogh, and de Kooning are more properly considered humanists

—*Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

Young Woman with a Water Jug **by Vermeer—". . . familiar forms assumed a serenity, a balance, and silence so complete as to create another world."**

—*Samuel H. Kress Collection, National Gallery of Art.*

Church of Santa Maria Della Febbre, Rome **by Saenredam—"No country has developed a more deliberately organized or cooler art than Holland . . ."**

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though no less involved with structure. Since their interests centered on the ambiguous passions of man and rarely on utopian values, these three artists tended to lash out with flail-like brushes. For them anxiety replaced quiescence.

En route to Holland I stopped in London where a large Van Gogh exhibition lent by Amsterdam's Vincent van Gogh Foundation was on view in the Hayward Gallery. At the time I wondered, recalling this artist's innumerable American shows, whether there was much left to learn about him, but I was wrong. Because drawings formed the backbone of the exhibit and because they were installed as an introduction to the paintings, one came away realizing that it was less Van Gogh's much touted color than his powerfully organized line that gave structure to his work. When he painted, he drew with a stabbing brush, and when he drew, he said it all—all the turbulence, all the autobiographical fire is there. A landscape drawing by Van Gogh can be as emotionally revealing as a self-portrait.

Though Rembrandt, too, was a magnificent draftsman, it was his arbitrary manipulation of subjective light that allowed him to probe the human condition. Nor was it Holland's natural light that interested him, but a light of his own invention. Emerging from a hidden source, this light actually produced form as it kneaded surfaces into deep hollows and swelling protrusions. Of all the great Dutch artists, Rembrandt was the least Dutch. His work ignored the bourgeois security of seventeenth-century Holland. With unfaltering compassion, he pursued one theme—man, man regardless of order or disorder. Rembrandt was totally emancipated because he could not or would not adapt his vision to the demands of a local society at a specific time. To realize how complete was his independence, one need only compare his *Night Watch* with the best of Frans Hals's portrait groups. Rembrandt was Holland's greatest artist precisely because he neither belonged to nor strongly reacted against what existed. He was that rare exception—his own man.

Yet de Kooning, who, like Van Gogh, is an expatriate, has remained curiously Dutch despite long years in the United States. The same fury that drove Vincent impels him. One finds it also in the work of Asger Jorn and Karel Appel. All of these passionately intense Dutchmen represent the other side of the coin. They seem to reject the decorous, the temperate, hoping perhaps to escape the uniformity of their background. What they share is an almost frenetic need to tangle with raw color, with raw emotions, and with direct elemental forces. One thinks of the carefully tended, circumscribed fields, the clean, cautious cities of the Netherlands, and one appreciates this rebellion. On the surface Holland may seem as steady and sturdy as Switzerland; yet an impetuous perversity shows itself at unexpected moments—in conversation, in art, in the excessive size of Amsterdam's cavernous airport. The extremes in art that stem from this dualism are the natural concomitants of a land where boundaries both protect and challenge, both reassure and frustrate.

I have often thought that to know Holland well is to understand her artists, but now, on the contrary, I am convinced it is more likely her artists who make us understand Holland.

—*Vincent van Gogh Foundation, Amsterdam.*

***Yard with Woman and Fowl* by Vincent van Gogh—"A landscape drawing by van Gogh can be as emotionally revealing as a self-portrait."**

Editorial

Continued from page 21

appeals. For the most part, *SR*'s readers volunteered the sums necessary. In return, they got 100 cents on the dollar. None of their money was spent for administrative services or money-raising agencies. Outside *SR*, individuals heard of the project and asked to participate.

We were confident that we could operate the same way with ABC. Within a few days, this philosophy began to bear fruit. A group of citizens in Minnesota, learning of the project in which Dr. Pope, now a Minnesotan, was engaged, offered a substantial contribution. At the suggestion of a friend, Dr. Pope spoke to Mr. Terry Tearnan of Yamaha International Motorcycle Company. Result: six motorcycles free of charge.

Lawrence Gussman, newly elected president of the Albert Schweitzer Fellowship, obtained many of the necessary medical supplies. At the suggestion of Dr. Fareed, Mr. Dennis Karzag of the Direct Relief Foundation donated $26,000 worth of drugs, and Mr. Sam Berkman of Bioscience Labs gave us a portable laboratory. Finally, Dr. Davida Taylor of Harvard School of Public Health obtained further gifts from drug companies throughout the nation.

Dr. Pope spoke to us about the possible availability in Biafra of extra vehicles, many of which were now disabled by shortage of spare tires. We telephoned Victor Holt, president of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company in Akron, Ohio. Rather than wait for the regular processing of the request through company machinery, Mr. Holt personally purchased tires and shipped them to us.

How to get all this material to Biafra? Here a human miracle by the name of Abie Nathan materialized. Mr. Nathan, an Israeli citizen, had become a sort of one-man Biafran relief operation. He had managed to obtain the use of a Norwegian freighter, chartered by two relief organizations in Holland. The freighter was now in the United States and was loading up with American supplies.

Mr. Cohen brought Mr. Nathan to *SR*'s offices. We found him as cooperative and agreeable as he was energetic. He said he would happily carry all our supplies to Sao Tomé.

So much for the report to date. Obviously, most of our problems are ahead of us. There is the major problem, of course, of getting Hercules-type freight planes to fly the jeeps and other weighty equipment into Biafra. We know we cannot minimize this difficulty, but we are not without confidence. Besides, Dr. Pope will be at Sao Tomé when Abie Nathan's boat arrives. And Dr. Pope is a most remarkable and effective young man. —N.C.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

A Week of Novelties, New and Less New

THANKS TO the enterprise of Erich Leinsdorf, the virtuosity of an ensemble of his Boston Symphony musicians, and an able cast headed by Claire Watson and Beverly Sills, enough New Yorkers to fill Carnegie Hall can now claim something denied them previously—acquaintance with Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos* as it was originally (1912) written. That, of course, was as a pendant to Molière's *Le bourgeois gentilhomme*. It soon became apparent that the production possibilities of this combination were limited, and Strauss, in collaboration with the resourceful Hugo von Hofmannsthal, converted (1916) the pendant into a self-sufficient jewel.

As must be true with any conversion, there are pluses and minuses, as the admirably prepared performance under Leinsdorf made clear. Primary minus, of course, is the absence of the beautifully crafted prologue which Strauss-Hofmannsthal invented to precede their self-sufficiently inimitable (and highly individual) retelling of the myth linking Bacchus and Ariadne. Principal plus is the presence of Zerbinetta's coloratura showpiece "Grossmächtige Prinzessin" in all its original, awesome complexity. Miss Sills's triumphant solution of its technical problems not only earned her a storm of applause which caused the performance to be suspended temporarily, but also demonstrated Strauss's wisdom in reducing its complexities from awesome to merely intimidating, in the revision now commonly heard. Contrary to some opinion, the revision is not so much "easier" to sing as it is less exacting. That is, the order of difficulty is similar, but the second version is more considerate of a high soprano's stamina, and appreciably, if not substantially, shorter. Miss Sills, for this part, had invented a kind of "parody" tone which she made phenomenally manageable, at some sacrifice in fullness and color.

In other respects, the "original" *Ariadne*, followed with a score of the revised version, proved to be about 94.7 per cent the same as the form in which it is commonly heard. Aside from an extension here, a contraction there, the conspicuous difference was the reappearance of Zerbinetta during the Bacchus-Ariadne duet, just before the latter's agonized "Theseus!" Its elimination was one instance of a second thought being better than the first. Indeed, almost all the changes are contributory to a tighter, better-organized theater piece.

Though Miss Watson, as Ariadne, did not have a platform equal to Miss Sills's on which to exhibit herself (the incipient applause after "Es gibt ein Reich" was waved off by Leinsdorf, though he condoned a complete stop after the Sills aria), she performed in a manner to make her absence from opera stages of her own country (she is American born) a matter of more than curiosity. Somewhat tremulous at the beginning, she not only sustained her effort over the full course, but was singing better at the end than at the start. Also of interest was the emergence of Robert Nagy, familiar as a very loud *comprimario* at the Met, into the prominence of a leading tenor. His Bacchus was not the most vibrant imaginable, but it was strongly, securely projected. Others included Benita Valente, Carole Bogard, and Eunice Alberts as an uncommonly well-blended trio; John Reardon as Harlekin and Malcolm Smith as Truffaldin.

The Philadelphia Orchestra's contribution to the week's unfamiliar went even beyond the intended when Peter Serkin fell victim to a seasonal ailment and could not participate in a repetition here of the performance he had given under Eugene Ormandy's direction in the Academy of Music the previous week. This would, ordinarily, have been a cause for regret but not for desperation: Pianists who can play works of the standard repertory are almost as interchangeable as watch parts.

However, the concerto for this occasion was no less a rarity than Beethoven's D-major for violin, in its alternate form with solo piano. The quest led, not much more than thirty-six hours before concert time, to Gunnar Johansen (not to be confused with the younger, better-known Grant Johannesen) at the University of Wisconsin, where he is a member of the faculty. Though he had never played the work, he agreed, after looking it through, to make the effort.

The results, as exhibited about 9:40 the following evening, were little short of remarkable. Johansen—a onetime Egon Petri pupil—allowed himself the security of the printed music, but the flexibility, dynamic variety, and altogether idiomatic execution he achieved were enormously creditable to his musicianship. If he did not achieve the objective which motivated the work's performance by Serkin and Ormandy—to see if a thoroughly studied re-creation (rather than the impromptu sort it has been accorded on recordings) could make an artistic entity of it—Johansen did provide a highly sophisticated insight into its content.

The two other "first performances" were united by dissimilar responses to singularly similar instances of man's inhumanity to man. One was Krzysztof Penderecki's *Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima*, the other William Schuman's recently completed Ninth Symphony, written after a visit to Rome's Ardeatine Caves where, in retribution for the underground's killing of ten Germans in the late months of the war, the Nazis slaughtered 335 Romans.

Penderecki's piece is eminently familiar from its several recordings, but it has rarely sounded so vividly fulfilling of its purpose as it did this time. That purpose was, merely, to re-create the horror of what it might have been like at ground zero that day in August 1945; to perpetuate through the artist's imagined images what has, by the passage of time, tended to grow dim and distant. High strings shriek in simulation of an air-raid warning, the ground shudders under the throb of cellos and double bass; the air is sick with screams. It is all done with strings alone, and in a true spirit of expressionism, highly successful.

Schuman, working on a much larger canvas and with a far broader architectural purpose, has—to my way of hearing—tried not merely to convey what he has experienced, but, in so doing, to freshen and intensify his own expressive language. Sections one and three relate directly to the surroundings of *Le Fosse Ardeatine* (as the work is titled). Section two is developed, in Schuman's words, from "the fantasies I had of the variety, promise, and aborted lives of the martyrs." It is varied, complex, and fairly extended. In the given circumstances—lacking score or other accessories to understanding—attention sometimes faltered, and a sure sense of compositional procedure wavered. There was, however, an underlying presentment of purpose and esthetic discipline which called for a better-based opinion than could be offered at such a first hearing.

On the other hand, one hearing of Milton Babbitt's noisy, bumptiously obscure *Relata II* from the New York Philharmonic will satisfy these ears for a lifetime. Its mathematically determined patterns leave nothing to the imagination but everything connected with an intelligible musical experience. As reward for its diligence, conductor Leonard Bernstein gave the orchestra the rest of the evening off, joining (at the piano) violinist Isaac Stern in Mozart's B-flat (K. 378) Sonata.

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Hazards of Equality

Continued from page 19

though in much of their questioning and concern, perceptions and anguish, the young are supported. Many of the "knowing class," they come to learn, now prefer to think of "business as usual" as the real insanity course, and jail as an undesirable but honorable way out.

Earlier I spoke of a resistance to bearing children and the feeling that one cannot successfully assume responsibilities of parenthood. In some cases it seems as though the diffidence displayed in "going on" masks a wish to start anew. The present urge to keep the cycle from repeating and the intention to keep fresh life from beginning must be considered from the point of view of sexuality. Although the language remains unchanged, industries of "procuring" and "scoring" today refer to drugs. The prophylactic, its slick package dirtied by months in the seams of an old wallet, has been replaced by the nickel bag: "Always be prepared." A funny reversal regards sex-role functions in a new economic market, as girls now solicit funds to pay for their boyfriends' stuff. I was stopped by one of these girls in the street on a beautiful October day: "Excuse me, Sir," she began her proposal. "How about a quarter for a cup of God knows what?"

One cannot be certain of the sexual habits of the persons of whom I speak. Anyway, it's no one's business until they mention it. The subject, however, is close to the conversational surface. It is as intimate as it ever was, but beginning to be freed of its irrational ties to some mysterious and primordial secrecy. As with much of their behavior, many of the young merely make overt what their elders do covertly. In so doing, they seem much more honest and far less foolish. However, the conspicuous consumption of other youngsters is little more than a mimicry of their parents.

MANY young men on drugs confess their apprehensions about homosexuality. It is not simply that they fear their impulses: this seems more common among those actually engaged in heterosexual relationships. Instead, they tell of a lack of sexual impulses and a concern that perhaps drugs have destroyed the sex drive. Because of their sophistication, they comprehend the possibility that their activities generally could be interpreted as homosexual, but they manifest little panic about this. Some admit that they are able to "make it" with girls only when "high." They confess to fright, but it does not compare to the fear that they may be crazy.

This is the supreme danger, as it suggests again the complex reversal of not only competence in drug and sex work, but the associated interchange between the organs of sex and the "organ" of drugs, the mind. One almost wants to assert that a phallic phase of development has been temporarily supplanted or postponed by a "cephalic" phase. All life is fixated in the mind, and Leary spoke for the generation at least once when he advertised that each brain cell is capable of brilliant and repeating orgasms.

This then leaves one issue: the "freak-out," the ultimate reward—the ultimate punishment. It is total destruction, at once implosion and explosion. In their own words, it is brain damage and disintegration. It is, simultaneously, conception, pregnancy, childbirth, castration, and death. Some continue to believe that from the womb of the mind, a new child, a freak child is born.

By their own admission, the freak-out is also a premeditated cop-out. Like living with a woman unmarried, it is anticipated endingness and the preparation for a later recourse. Demanding no commitment, it is an out, permitting the luxury of retiring as undefeated champion. No one can find fault with the last-minute term paper writer or the hospital patient. Both have their excuses. Both wonder, presumably, about what their competence might be like void of recourse. Both wonder, too, about the lack of preparation for the equivocal future and the minimal confidence displayed in present endeavor.

Depicted in most of these notions is the mass communicative society in which we survive. The accomplishments by so many are so great, the knowledge and awareness so swift in arrival and so deep in meaning, that in a way we leave the young no excuse for failure other than severe illness and total collapse. Adlai Stevenson once confessed relief that career decisions were behind him. It's hard to be young today, he observed. So many good people are already so advanced in practically any area that one might choose for himself. Perhaps this is the reason why some drop out.

In sexual relations, the excuse that probably maintained the sanity of frightened generations of men no longer exists. Girls have "the pill," and aggressive action now swings both ways. Students offer apologies for not smoking pot and agonize over an inability to get excited, much less involved, in political enterprises. To be straight is to be square, and like it or not, the straight become defensive and tempted.

Our televised and instant-replay society also allows fewer secrets. We see the war; we see men murdered; and we become frustrated when we cannot discover the exact frame on which is

Jenny—not sure she's going to make it.

A SHORT TIME AGO, an attractive college senior asked whether she might speak with me a few minutes. Her manner was marked by that timorous politeness that symbolizes how ably school systems instruct students to avoid pestering their elders.

Jenny sat across from me, her mini-skirt hiked up—her youth, a sorrow in her eyes, compelling me to attend to her. She had come with no particular problem. She spoke about her courses, her job, the few hours each week left for school work, and her two male involvements. One, she explained, was a boy from the mountains of Utah, someone who knows of the poet's world, yet someone at present dreadfully caught in the scary, exhilarating cacophony of the "drug scene." The second, a young man, "straight," "good head," "my parents like him," "his father is a noble man."

Jenny concluded almost every other sentence with the words, "it's funny," but nothing she said was ever funny. She had known sadness: indeed as she continued, I felt as though she spoke as the burdened parent, herself as her own child. "It's difficult to stay healthy here. . . . I don't know if I can pull my life together. . . . I don't know if I can make it. I hope so . . . I'm not sure."

Then suddenly, Jenny produced the kind of frightened confession I have heard from nearly every young person who has come to me not necessarily just for help, but for some hoped-for strength in friendship: "When I was thirteen, I became my father's confidante. He was having an affair with a twenty-year-old girl, and I was the only one he could speak to. . . . Later I went to the prep school she had gone to. He thought I'd like it there."

The moments with Jenny strongly resembled the times with students troubled by their experiences with drugs: One finds an absence of some fundamental strength; some last-ditch power to fall back on seemingly is gone. Like Jenny, they are not sure they're going to make it.

—T. J. C.

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recorded a President's death. Our newspapers pry and our movies reveal, and so too, apparently, do some parents. Where many children fantasize that the secrets they guard preserve some mysterious family integrity, others, in fact, are maintaining this integrity by biting a quivering lip in fear that exposure of their treasured secrets will cause their families to unravel. All the while, performance-demands shriek for attention. One must compete and succeed often enough; make it on his own; and react to the war and the fact that he or a boyfriend will soon be drafted and, not so unlikely, killed! One must be good in school, good at home, good at sports, good at pot, and good in bed. Life becomes unmanageably meaningful. It is enough to make one (want to) go insane.

Most make it, however, even with the knowledge that their culture warns of belligerent Chinese, overkill, and an equivocal future. One cannot know when the next and final war will come, or when past experience with drugs will suddenly re-erupt in the form of a grotesque child or one's own psychotic demise. Unmistakably near, death becomes a real reality. Less fuzzy than ever before, its shape and sound hover about self-analytic groups, bull sessions, and coffee dates. Damn the future and the inevitable! It was better in the Thirties when gravelly throated heroes sang into megaphones. It was better, too, in the last century when men wore frock coats, beards, and long hair. It was better and easier because it was the past, and perception of the completed proves the validity of survival, if not achievement. At the very least, the past means having got this far. It also means the seat of much of the trouble.

SOME young people reveal a peculiar attitude about the past. It is not merely a time that was, but the series of events that once were, yet somehow continue to remain as the present's lining. Neither recalled nor retrieved, the past has become the stuff of moment-to-moment encounter and the routine of day work. The past has not yet become past in the sense of being over, because its foundation, like a child's body, remains soft and unfinished. There are no completions, no triumphs, no guaranteed deferrals or subsistence.

No one as yet has studied the notes written by parents to their runaway children in New York's East Village or San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district. These pitiful missives document so well the lack of generational space and the confession of failure in parenthood and adulthood. They could be the letters of children, who, wishing to come home, promise never again to misbehave. If they did not cause guilt or confusion in the recipients, hippies would have little need to prevent them from reaching the runaway child. (Those people whose self-appointed task is to maintain the separation and lack of communication between parent and child must fear the fruits of love's temptation, the very philosophy they profess. Moreover, they are reminiscent of professional mourners, who periodically remind the congregation or family of the recent loss by crying when others attain momentary composure.)

"Do you have any references other than the people in your therapy group?"

The "come back home; all is forgiven" notes stand as a testament to what must be seen by the young as a crumbling structure, or a tragic reversal of intentionality and interpersonal competence. They reflect adult pleas for help and forgiveness, and as such they represent a far worse social fact than hippie farm colonies or pot parties. The notes only document what the poets know so well: Of all rewards, youth is a supreme ideal. The old wish to be young, and the young are happy exactly where they are.

Few parents are able to accept the passing of adolescence, especially when their own children dramatize more vibrantly than ever the former gratifications and projected incompleteness of their own lives. It is inconceivable to think that young people have ever been simultaneously idolized and despised, worshiped and envied as they are presently. Without doubt, the problem of age-grading is now of paramount significance in the United States. It is *the* dimension: Good or bad, the old are preoccupied with the young, and the young are preoccupied with themselves.

When the activities of the young were secretive, adults were compelled to deal with their own imaginations. Now, when sexuality, in particular, screams at us from advertisements, fashions, television, movies, and magazines, it becomes increasingly difficult to decline youth's unintended invitation and accept the process and reality of aging. Adults must work hard to avoid the eternal seductions of the young, for these affairs simply do not work out. Time inevitably chaperones such liaisons, and the primordial strain that comes about through the separation of generations never will permit a successful consummation of these two hearts, the young and old.

The seduction does not stop with parents, however, for the succulence of youth is dreamed of each day by teachers, counselors, therapists, ministers, etc. A most dangerous tack for any of these persons is to be uncritically won over by youth's stated demands and ideologies or interpretations of them. An example of this point seems in order. We are emerging from an unfortunate era in which psychotherapy was viewed as either panacea or black magic. Psychotherapists finally have undertaken critical self-scrutinization, and for the most part, attacks on theory and procedure have resulted in clarifying statements for the practitioners. Still, there are some critics who expend a suspiciously great amount of energy communicating to youth the evils of psychotherapy and

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even more benign adult interventions. By acting this way, they signify their "stand with youth," a stand normally introduced by some phrase which seems an apologia, but which in truth is more a boastful pledge to be young like the young.

Frequently, these critics demonstrate a striking accuracy in their realignment of youth's goals, ambitions, and philosophies. Just as often, their arguments are indecorous and evil. Many young people, in fact, do find illness in themselves and do seek help. They despise the proverbial "shrink scene" and rightly so, but in their quest of a "hip shrink," they wish for a modification—or, better, modernization—of the psychotherapeutic relationship, but not its annihilation. They know it is no panacea, but in anticipation they feel it has worth and are willing to try. The best adults can do, therefore, is to experiment with the helping apparatus and not discourage the trying.

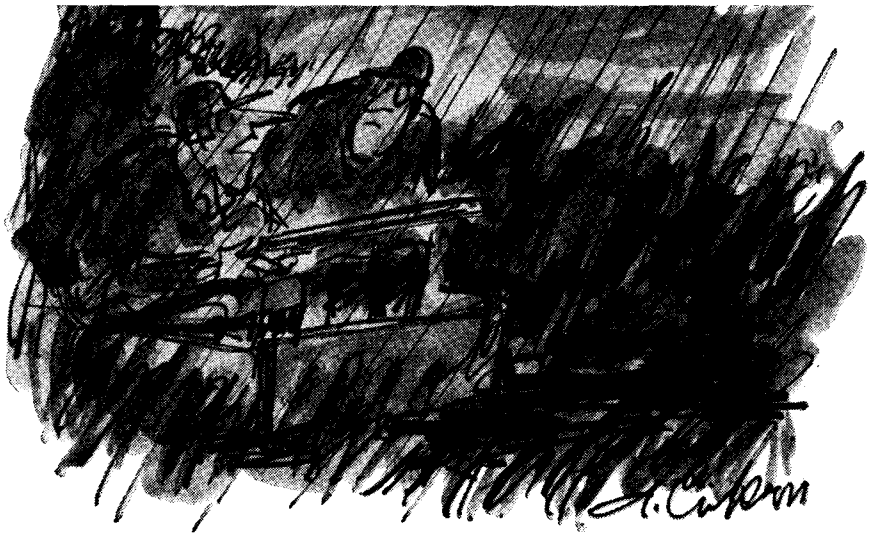
Those who aspire to speak for or understand youth must be aware of the seductive nature of their interests so that they will not reach the point where speaking for youth means no longer needing to listen to it. Genuine representation, after all, does not require reliving; it requires recalling.

One final point regards the heightened sophistication of the young, their eagerness to speak, their access to recesses of an experienced childhood, and their poignant observations of adulthood. While each generation can expect to live longer, much of society, as Erikson points out, demands that individuals be allotted less time for youth. Earnest young proto-professionals especially uphold this ethic. Scattered not so infrequently about, however, are those whose parents have denied them even this minuscule tenure. For most, the awareness is simply a function of a precocious curiosity and creative need to experience. For the ones knowingly in trouble, the most immediate and pressing action resembles an attempt to complete some poorly understood mission started long ago by someone else.

THAT time repeats itself is but a comforting saying. The concept of a family cycle, moreover, is misleading as it tends to slur over the individual cycles unwinding at various tempi within it. Individual cycles never repeat themselves, for in progressing or carrying on in any guise, healthy or sick, the young, as ingenious as they are, do little more than obey the wishes of others and the demands that time imposes. Typically, the directions given by those who were here before us are to wait patiently and not walk so fast.

Sociologists have written that a major function of social structures is to direct its members to appropriate goal states, means of attaining them, and attitudes that may be taken in evaluating goals and means. The desire to become a doctor or lawyer, indeed the need to achieve, does not come from out of the blue. These are learned. So too is the desire to rebel, have sex, take drugs, escape, and even "freak out." In their way, all of these actions are creative because they develop out of social forms of, as well as private needs for, expression. But they have not "sprung up"; like instincts, they have evolved.

For many today, the evolution is not satisfying, and the internal excursions and elaborations have become (and probably started out as), in David Riesman's terms, "other-directed" movements. Knowing exactly this, many young persons continue nonetheless, in their other-directed patterns, and thereby show themselves most willing to listen outward and upward. Considering much of our adult behavior, this fact is remarkable.



"You know something—I don't like duck either."

Atoms and Poetry

Continued from page 33

of indivisible particles far too small to see, but producing the sensible qualities of objects by their arrangements and combinations—was never popular in antiquity. Lucretius, however, develops it with great skill, using it to account for a wide variety of phenomena. His atomic theory of vision may seem ridiculous to us; yet we can feel confident that he would have been delighted to replace it by modern concepts such as electromagnetic waves even if he had then to search for another mechanism to explain dreams. His atoms excite the sensations of taste by their shape: bitter things are made of spiky atoms, sweet things of smooth ones—a crude but nonetheless remarkable anticipation of very recent work on the functioning of the taste-buds.

Rolfe Humphries, an original poet as well as a translator, has chosen standard English blank verse to render the ponderous rhythms of the Lucretian hexameter. He avoids the jingling alliterations so beloved of Lucretius, and he has a penchant for the colloquial or even slang phrase where the original is merely pedestrian or prosaic. At times his version becomes only a loose paraphrase; for instance, the way lovers idolize their mistresses:

> A black wench
> Is a nut-brown maid, and some untidy slob
> Praised for a sweet disorder in the dress.
> Some idiot with a pallid washed-out stare
> Is called gray-eyed Minerva, olive-groved,
> The lumbering lummox is a wood nymph wild,
> The sawed-off runt a doll, the overgrown
> Hydrocephalic is divinely tall
> And walks the night in beauty—(a good thing too;
> Keep her locked up by day.)

Good stuff, but not Lucretius! This represents only four terse lines of Latin; half the English is the product of Mr. Humphries's imagination and memory, and even then a good deal of the original is lost. Elsewhere we meet such anachronisms as oranges, an umbrella or a ship's wheel. It may be sound policy to explain recondite allusions rather than have recourse to footnotes, but does that mean that "the scaly race" must become mere "fish"? These are marginal criticisms of a brave attempt at a difficult task; Mr. Humphries's translation is thoroughly recommended for scientists and all others without enough Latin to appreciate one of the masterpieces of Latin literature.

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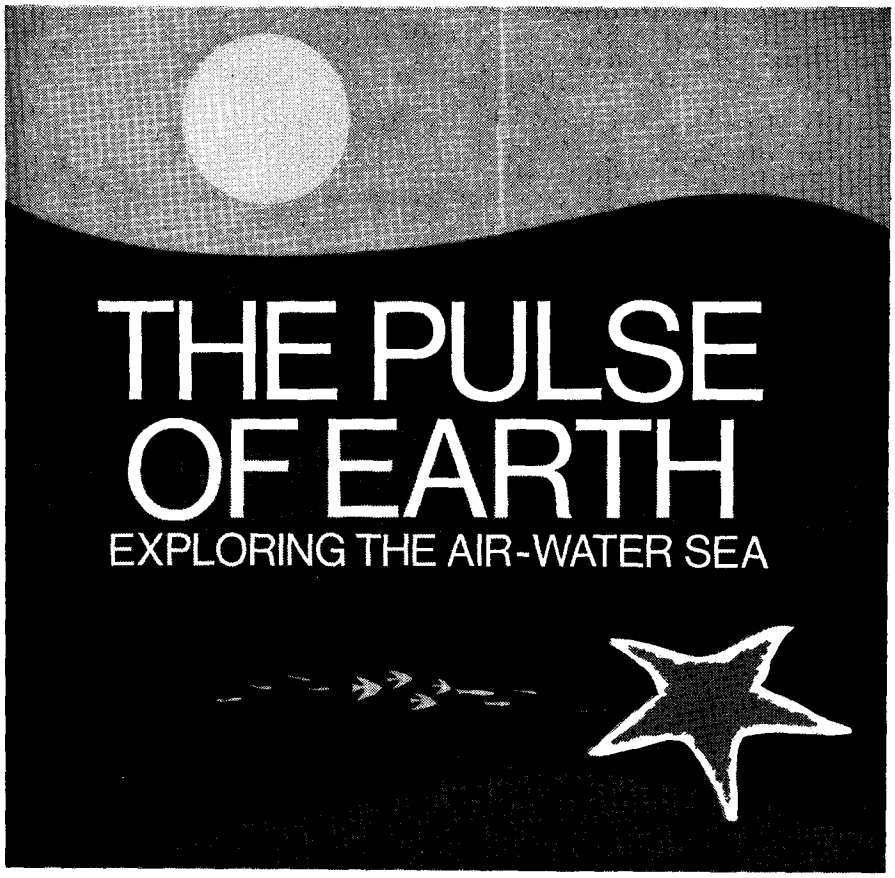

—Pageant Studios.

THE pulsebeat of planet Earth has not yet been counted. But a pulse *is* there. Several manifestations of it are regularly observed. A rhythmic throbbing in the magnetic shell enclosing the planet arises from the solar wind and has been detected by spaceships sent from Earth. Within the magnetic sheath, Earth's atmosphere expands and contracts with cyclic heating and cooling of the sun as day passes into night and into day again. Below the atmosphere, Earth's oceans rise and fall in amplitudes that must be approximated rather than measured exactly because the terrestrial crust on which the observers ride is also undulating in answer to the tidal pull of the moon.

Popular awareness of the exciting potential of a grand pattern is so narrowly confined that a political document reflecting some practical sense of the scientific reality is startling to come upon. And just that kind of rare public paper reached print during January 1969 through the initiative of former President Lyndon B. Johnson's Commission on Marine Science, Engineering, and Resources.

The commission's proposals did not explicitly extend into the magnetosphere. But they did treat Earth's oceans and atmosphere as one continuous, constantly interacting sea. The report further strained the bounds of political conventionality by advocating the creation of a new federal agency authorized to coordinate and direct peaceful exploration of the air and water from seven miles below to somewhere beyond 30 miles above the visible horizon.

The name suggested for the proposed exploration center was National Oceanic and Atmospheric Agency, or NOAA.

WAS there any premeditation about this acronym?

Was there any intent to recall another, quite similar name?

If so, the report of the Commission on Marine Science, Engineering, and Resources made no mention of it. Nevertheless, a certain parallel could hardly be escaped. Noah was the name given in the book of Genesis to the character in ancient literature (he had another name in the older Sumerian account of the same event) who was called upon to transplant selected species of earthly life after men so fouled their habitat as to make it no longer livable by the old standards of decency. And one of the responsibilities assigned to modern NOAA is to rescue modern man from his own excrement. The assignment was couched in echoes of biblical phraseology: "Today, man's damage to the environment too often is ignored because of immediate economic advantage. To maximize the present economy at the expense of the future is to perpetuate the pattern of previous generations, whose sins against the planet we have inherited."

The call for NOAA has an historical significance on that score alone. But the idea of NOAA towers even higher than that. It is the closest approach yet made to a Department of Science in the Cabinet of the President of the United States. It could be the beginning of a method to set priorities on government spending for science, a means of mating scientific discovery and its technological offspring to the seen and felt needs of society.

Consider the immediately crucial social problems NOAA would be fitted to attack:

WORLD-WIDE HUNGER. Because of the population explosion, peoples scattered around the planet—especially in lands that only now are developing as economic entities—are living at or near starvation levels. Their numbers will increase with time. The seas are a major source of the most inexpensive foods known.

DISEASE. Always a plague to man, it generates endless demand for medicines. The pharmacology of the sea is known only faintly, but that little packet of knowledge includes the fact that seagoing creatures have chemical means of fighting cancer and regulating behavior of the heart.

NATURAL DISASTER. Much of nature's havoc is wreaked in the air and on the

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surface of the oceans. Together, the atmosphere and the sea hold the heat of the sun and bandy the clouds about. Surveillance of the two in a continuous spectrum will certainly lead to more accurate weather forecasts and possibly to weather modification.

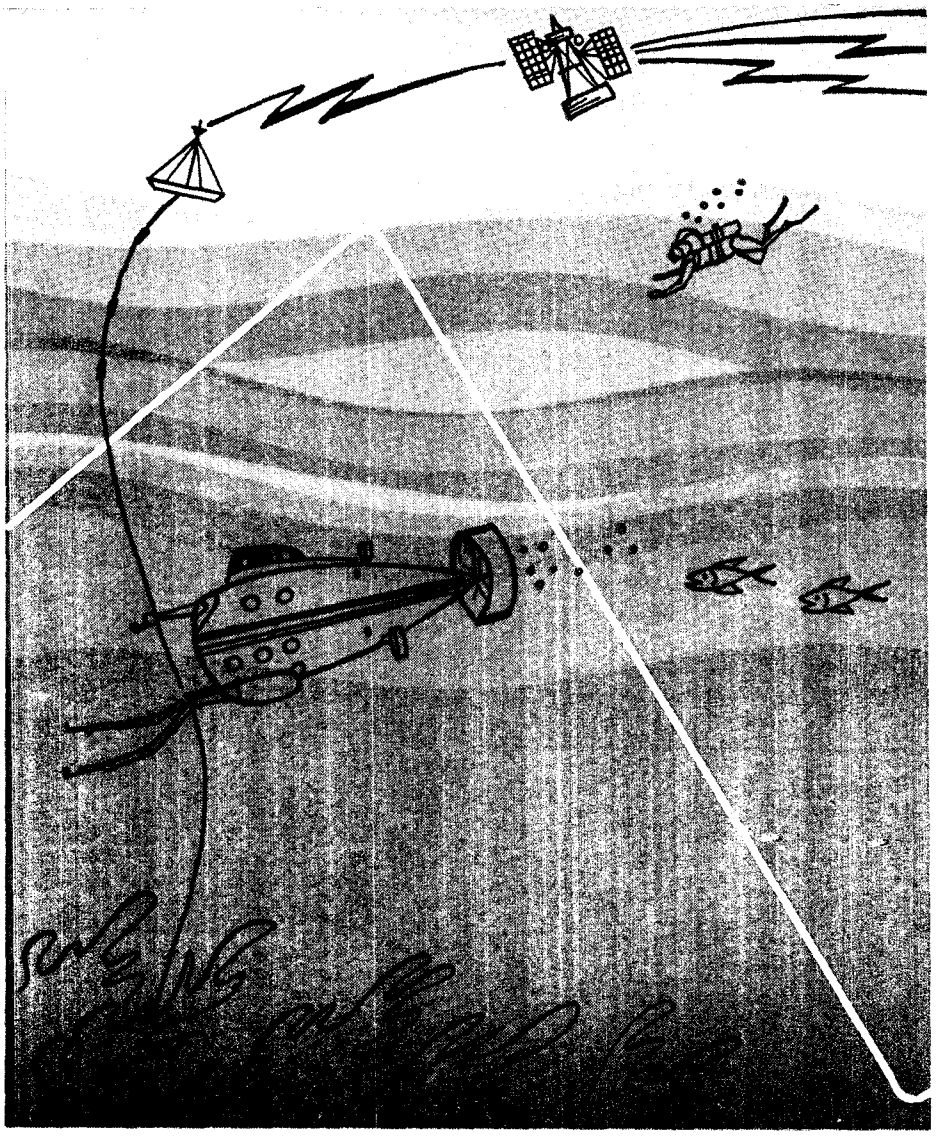
MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN. Whether measured in terms of power to pollute the environment or of failure to take the frailty of the human nervous system into account, this is a snakepit of problems that can be approached from the sea in a number of different directions. The waters of the Earth can work a soothing influence on overwrought nerves. Not the least promising prospects are eye-pleasing waterfront developments in coastal and lakeside cities.

WASTES. Esthetic disposal of these is an Augean job that must be done soon to accommodate the rising demand for potable water and for recreation.

GOVERNMENT REFORM. The American federal system is near breakdown. New mechanisms are urgently required to bring local, state, and national laws and regulations into harmony. Nowhere are the possibilities greater than in the nation's water and airways.

THE HOPE OF PEACE. Cooperation among the nations in exploring Earth's oceans and atmosphere can enlarge the area of non-belligerent status that was established by the international agreements governing Antarctica. A global weather-watch, for example, would hold benefits for all commensurate with the best efforts of all.

Another hoped-for consequence of NOAA ought to be noted. This would be a stimulating effect on the expanding economy that all of us have come to rely on for personal prosperity. As population expands (by the year 2000 the inhabitants of this country alone are expected to number 350 million) the need for jobs will multiply. Already, thoughtful people are worrying about a possible slump in employment and a slippage in technological capability after the Aeronautics and Space Administration lands a man on the moon. Most, if not all, of the big privately owned manufacturing complexes now profiting from rich contracts with NASA have started to interest themselves in ocean floor exploration. Essentially the same skills are required to build vehicles capable of navigating extraterrestrial space and the deep sea. Extreme pressures and temperatures must be dealt with in both environments. Working parts must be rugged, dependable, and long-lasting. Remotely controlled robots must be devised to gather information inaccessible to humans, store it for release on command, and deliver it in easily readable form. Space technology cannot simply be transferred to seafaring purposes, however; the shift opens an immense new research frontier. For it turns out to be harder to transmit reliable messages from the bottom of the Pacific Ocean to La Jolla on the coast of California than from Houston, Texas, to the moon.



Access to ocean depths as great as 20,000 feet is one of two

After one of the early company of astronauts, U.S. Navy Commander F. Scott Carpenter, joined the aqualung crew that worked in Sealab II on a shallow sea floor several years ago, he commented bitingly on the backward state of oceanic technology in contrast to the advanced technological state represented by spaceships. The report of the Commission on Marine Science, Engineering, and Resources was, if anything, more caustic. It called oceanic research instrumentation "inefficient, unreliable, inadequate"—thus further diminishing the validity of NASA's reiterated claims of terrestrial "spin-offs" from extraterrestrial space research.

The specifications for NOAA explicitly disavow any grandiose visions. "NOAA would not be the instrument of a 'crash' program but . . . would work for orderly and revolutionary progress into the sea." the report of the Commission on Marine Science, Engineering, and Resources stated. NOAA's primary mission would be to "ensure the sure and wise use of the marine environment in the best interests of the United States"; the new agency would function as "the principal instrumentation within the federal government for administration of the civil marine, and atmospheric programs."

THE possibility that NOAA might ultimately grow into a Department of Science can be inferred from the report's observation that NOAA should be looked upon as "a step in a building process." An earlier step in the process had been the creation of ESSA (Environmental Science Services Administration) through combination of the old Weather Bureau, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and the Central Radio Propagation Laboratory of the Bureau of Standards. NOAA would absorb ESSA (now part of the Commerce Department) along with the Coast Guard (thus removing it from the new United States Department of Transportation), the Bu-

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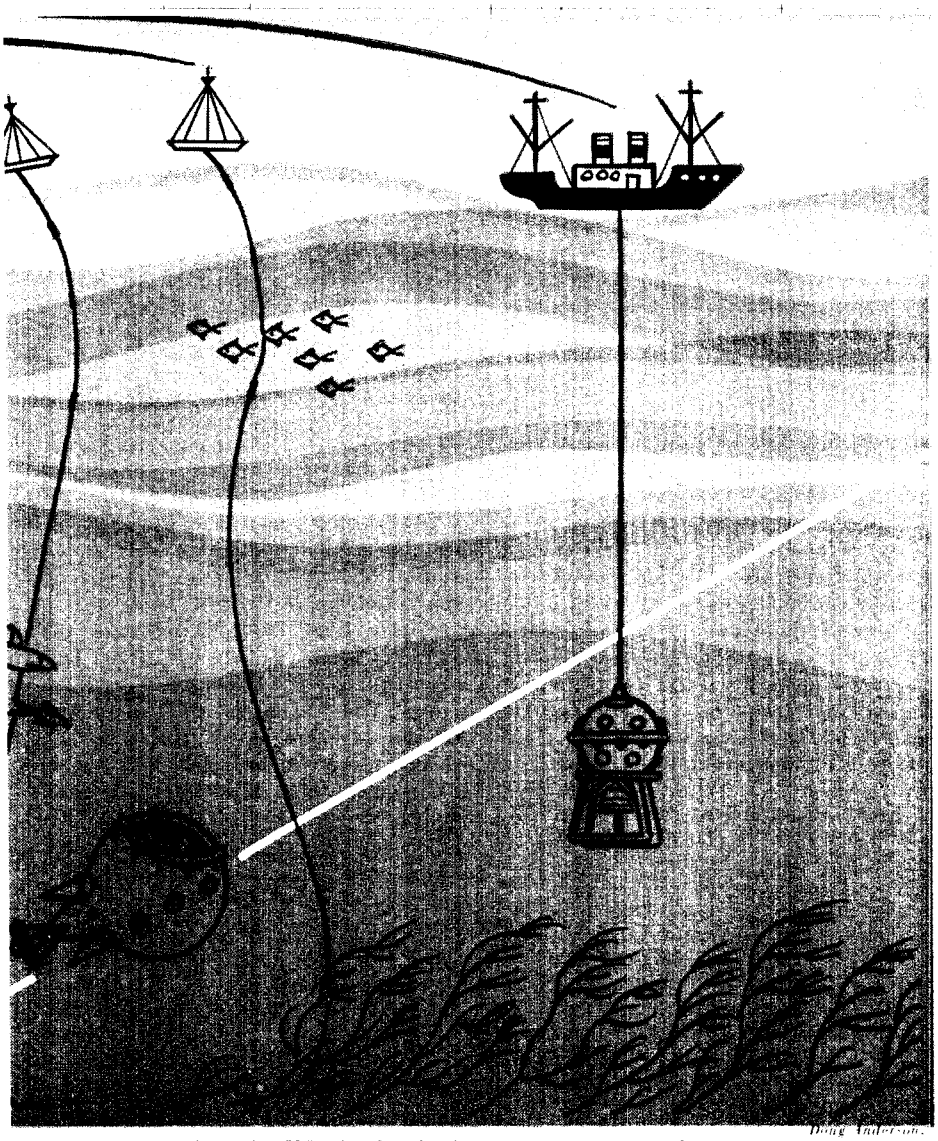

national goals fixed for NOAA. Sketch above suggests approaches to it.

reau of Commercial Fisheries and marine and anadromous fisheries functions of the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife (from the Department of Interior), the National Sea Grant Program (copied after the land-grant scheme through which American colleges did so much to advance agriculture) recently inaugurated by the National Science Foundation, the [Great] Lake Survey (from U.S. Army Engineers), and the National Oceanographic Data Center.

Through acquisition of the Coast Guard and ESSA, NOAA would immediately assume global proportions, with the Coast Guard Academy as a top-flight training school and with established connections to the United Nations that would also relate to the State Department. NOAA would command 320 seagoing ships, a fleet of research and observational aircraft, a set of high-speed data-recording systems, thirty eight scientific laboratories, and a staff of 55,000 people—20 per cent of them highly trained professionals, 40 per cent specially trained technicians. The activities of this sizable force would have to be meshed with the traditional activities of the Navy, the Army Engineers, the Atomic Energy Commission, NASA, and the Department of Interior—all of which now carry responsibility for one or another aspect of atmospheric and oceanic behavior. The National Science Foundation would relinquish to NOAA the funding authority NSF now holds over weather modification research, and over the National Center for Atmospheric Research at Boulder, Colorado; otherwise, NOAA would respect the present domain of NSF.

No ordinary scientist is likely to complete this intricate welding process successfully, the Commission on Marine Science, Engineering, and Resources recognized. "Only . . . a superb manager who knows the myriad problems and interrelationships of sea programs and who appreciates NOAA's potential to advance man's mastery of the seas" can do the job, the commission report said. And even a systems-management genius would fail without quick access to the White House. The report therefore recommended that NOAA be an independent agency and that its chief report directly to the President.

As quickly as this "superb manager" can be located, he should be put into office with strong legislation to protect his back. Regular reports from him to the Congress and the President would be guaranteed by a National Advisory Committee for the Oceans appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. That is the one point labeled "for immediate adoption" in the entire report on NOAA. There is no time to lose, the fifteen commission members, headed by Ford Foundation Board Chairman Julius Stratton, declared unanimously. Some of their sense of urgency came from simple observation of how much had happened during the two years of their deliberations. Offshore oil well drills were going down 640 feet below the sea floor when President Johnson appointed the commission on January 9, 1967, under the authority Congress gave him in the Marine Resources and Engineering Development Act of the previous June. When the report was issued on January 9, 1969, the oil well drills were 1,300 feet under the sea floor. Man-in-the-sea experiments were lasting for several days in 1967; now they last for several weeks. And deep sea submersibles today are able to cruise at a depth of a nautical mile.

ANOTHER source of the sense of urgency was the commission report's divergence from other recent reports predicting quick riches from the sea. The commission found no reason for rosy optimism. Man has a very long way to go before he plumbs the oceans, much less understands what he sees there—if, indeed, he can see very much. Even at depths of 1,000 feet, divers discover that mental concentration can be a major effort and that when their brains do reach decisions their muscles are slow to respond. One diver thought he was turning his body through a quarter circle; his torso did turn, but his feet stayed where they had been and his leg bones separated at the knee joints. Vocal cords are also affected by the pressures of the sea; instead of normal, clearly enunciated words, they produce squawking sounds like those Walt Disney invented for the speech of Donald Duck; communication is consequently difficult, often impossible. The cold of the dark and dirty water is so penetrating that Commander Carpenter saw fellow divers enduring body tremors with amplitudes of four inches.

Given NOAA, the Commission for Marine Science, Engineering, and Resources was ready to go slowly. It plainly wanted to avoid duplicating the offensive flamboyance of NASA. It wanted even more to prevent clashes between NOAA and the Navy. It wanted most of all to escape disturbance of the international liaison of ESSA with the U.N., and to promote universal popularity of the International Decade of

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Exploration that Washington has been pushing for the 1970s.

The international motivations were dominant for excellent reasons. It was a U.N. law-of-the-sea conference in 1958 that wakened Washington to the paucity of oceanic knowledge. One of the conventions adopted at that meeting fixed the limit of sovereignty over the sea bottom at whatever line is drawn by a 600-foot depth of water. Sovereignty implies not only ownership but right to exploit. The land area of the United States was extended by one-third of its former total extent by this convention, which acquired legal force in 1964.

THE Sea Grant Program of NSF was hurried into being in reaction to the sudden appearance of this new watery wilderness. Since learning was the first challenge, NSF turned to the universities and colleges and other educational institutions of the country. State-supported schools had a natural preference because authority over the development of the continental shelf lies essentially with the thirty states which share the coast line and the Great Lakes shore line. NSF was authorized to designate Sea Grant colleges in the tradition of the old Land Grant schools. No such designation has yet been made, but NSF has issued thirty-three Sea Grants totaling just under $5,000,000 to educational institutions in eighteen states.

NOAA will assume responsibility for continuing and extending the Sea Grants and will also work with the states in establishing state Coastal Zone Authorities and university-affiliated Coastal Zone Laboratories to provide training for oceanographic and atmospheric students coming up through the Sea Grant schools.

To emphasize the seriousness of this federal-state thrust into the mysteries of the continental shelf, the Commission on Marine Science, Engineering, and Resources set one of two national goals in this domain of relatively shallow water. The goal, which has no time deadline attached to it, is that men should be able to work safely and reasonably comfortably for extensive periods of time in water up to 2,000 feet deep.

The second national goal set for American exploration of the oceans calls for whatever scientific discoveries and technological developments are required to give access to the ocean floor at depths as great as 20,000 feet. Ninety-eight per cent of all the ocean bottoms of earth fall within this limit. The sketch on pages 50 and 51 gives a rough idea of the imaginative kind of designing and building that will be required to achieve this second goal.

The most striking single experiment mentioned in the report of the Commission on Marine Science, Engineering, and Resources would be done with a sea sled probably shaped like a raindrop. The sled would take off downward from the surface of the sea, using the force of gravity by means of water ballast to glide 20,000 feet to the bottom. At the bottom, jets of a liquid chemical would blow the ballast and use the force of gravity in reverse to glide the raindrop back to the surface again.

It is estimated that each glide cycle would cover 50 miles. Fifty such cycles would completely transit an ocean and provide fifty sets of data on all of the physical and biological strata en route from the surface to the bottom, and allow fifty trips to parts of the sea floor never before visited. This still-on-the-drawing-board vehicle would carry three men on jaunts up to twenty days long.

"Use of the combinations of depth and visibility described for such a vehicle in ocean transits could be invaluable for explorations of the oceans," said the report that urged such expeditions on NOAA. But the report went on to say:

> Information from expert observers is not enough. Elaborate photographic equipment and lighting complete with pressure housings have been developed for deep sea work. Such equipment can be operated remotely from the surface in conjunction with acoustical listening devices for describing the forms and strata of life.
>
> Submersibles also can be fitted with thermistor probes to record temperature profiles continuously. This information then can be correlated with the photographic observations. Ultimately, instruments to monitor the gross chemistry of the passing sea water can be fitted to the hull. . . .
>
> Another class of devices could be self-propelled and automatically or remotely guided along programed courses. Diesel-driven, semi-submersibles could cruise the surface in trans-ocean patterns. Deep-diving torpedo hulls with battery power could dive from surface vessels, run a search course, and return for recovery. Helicopters, aircraft, drones, and rockets could cover great distances carrying sensors with or without the option of water entry.
>
> Other classes of devices, such as recording and coring equipment, are not truly instruments but they are equally important. Ultimately, unmanned coring and rock-sampling techniques may be possible from a deep submersible.

—*Lockheed Missiles & Space Co.*

What happens in the deep sea? This photo shows a plastic coffee cup before (right) and after (left) riding the outer hull of Lockheed's research submarine *Deep Quest* to a depth of 8,310 feet.

"Seasteading" may one day assume the pioneering role in underwater colonization that homesteading played in past settlement of the grasslands of the American West. The Commission on Marine Science, Engineering, and Resources ventured to hope that this would happen. But before the sea can be extensively ranched (the Russians are learning to herd fish with sound waves) or farmed (for plankton, oysters, shrimp) or mined (for a host of available minerals) sources of energy must be placed to help men carry the work load. Fuel cells are top candidates. But a major project proposed for NOAA is installation of a nuclear furnace on the continental shelf, far under the water, distant from any coastal city. An experimental complex of this sort would help to measure the extent of thermal effects on the oxygen (hence the life-supporting) content of the water as well as to test the long-time safety of large-scale nuclear power generation.

THERE is another factor that will have to be taken into account in any continuing exploration of the sea. This is the need to know the state of the sea at the time any given expedition sets forth. It is because the state of the sea is interlocked with the state of the atmosphere that NOAA's proposed jurisdiction reaches out of the water into the sky. How far above the sea surface the NOAA domain would go has not been determined. A good guess at a minimum limit would be 30 miles, that being the extent of the lower atmosphere, which shares the heat budget of the sun with the sea. Somewhere between there and the ocean bottom, Earth's surface weather is manufactured.

If NOAA comes into being in any close approximation to plan, its human and robot agents together may ultimately measure the pulse of the Earth with the help of Earth satellites which simultaneously photograph the clouds, take infrared readings of the heat reflected from the planet, and query giant buoys moored to all the ocean floors for news of the latest fluctuations in the pulsebeat.

—JOHN LEAR.

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A SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF UFOs

The University of Colorado Report

— APRO.

UFOs? No. Lenticular clouds, Brazil.

By EDWARD U. CONDON

THE emphasis of this study has been on attempting to learn from UFO reports anything that could be considered as adding to scientific knowledge. Our general conclusion is that nothing has come from the study of UFOs in the past twenty-one years that has added to scientific knowledge. Careful consideration of the record as it is available to us leads us to conclude that further extensive study of UFOs probably cannot be justified in the expectation that science will be advanced thereby.

It has been argued that this lack of contribution to science is due to the fact that very little scientific effort has been put on the subject. We do not agree. We feel that the reason that there has been very little scientific study of the subject is that those scientists who are most directly concerned—astronomers, atmospheric physicists, chemists, and psychologists—having had ample opportunity to look into the matter, have individually decided that UFO phenomena do not offer a fruitful field in which to look for major scientific discoveries.

This conclusion is so important, and the public seems in general to have so little understanding of how scientists work, that some more comment on it seems desirable.

Each person who sets out to make a career of scientific research chooses a general field of broad specialization in which to acquire proficiency. Within that field he looks for specific fields in which to work. To do this, he keeps abreast of the published scientific literature, attends scientific meetings where reports on current progress are given, and energetically discusses his interests and those of his colleagues both face to face and by correspondence with them. He is motivated by an active curiosity about nature and by a personal desire to make a contribution to science. He is constantly probing for error and incompleteness in the efforts that have been made in his fields of interest, and looking for new ideas about new ways to attack new problems. From this effort he arrives at personal decisions as to where his own effort can be most fruitful. These decisions are personal in the sense that he must estimate his own intellectual limitations and the limitations inherent in the working situation in which he finds himself, including limits on the support of his work, or his involvement with other pre-existing scientific commitments. While individual errors of judgment may arise, it is generally not true that all of the scientists who are actively cultivating a given field of science are wrong for very long.

EVEN conceding that the entire body of "official" science might be in error for a time, we believe that there is no better way to correct error than to give free reign to the ideas of individual scientists to make decisions as to the directions in which scientific progress is most likely to be made. For legal work sensible people seek an attorney, and for medical treatment sensible people seek a qualified physician. The nation's surest guarantee of scientific excellence is to leave the decision-making process to the individual and collective judgment of its scientists.

Scientists are no respecters of authority. Our conclusion that study of UFO reports is not likely to advance science will not be uncritically accepted by them. Nor should it be, nor do we wish it to be. For scientists, it is our hope that the detailed analytical presentation of what we were able to do, and of what we were unable to do, will assist them in deciding whether or not they agree with our conclusions. Our hope is that the details of this report will help other scientists in seeing what the problems are and the difficulties of coping with them.

If they agree with our conclusions, they will turn their valuable attention and talents elsewhere. If they disagree it will be because our report has helped them reach a clear picture of wherein existing studies are faulty or incomplete and thereby will have stimulated ideas for more accurate studies. If they do get such ideas and can formulate them clearly, we have no doubt that support will be forthcoming to carry on with such clearly defined, specific studies. . . .

Some readers may think that we have now wandered into a contradiction. Earlier we said that we do not think study of UFO reports is likely to be a fruitful direction of scientific advance; now we have just said that persons with good ideas for specific studies in this field should be supported. This is no contradiction. Although we conclude, after nearly two years of intensive study, that we do not see any fruitful lines of advance from the study of UFO reports, we believe that any scientist with adequate training and credentials who does come up with a clearly defined, specific proposal for study should be supported.

What we are saying here was said in a more general context nearly a century ago by William Kingdon Clifford, a great English mathematical physicist. In his *Aims and Instruments of Scientific Thought* he expressed himself this way:

> Remember, then, that [scientific thought] is the guide of action; that the truth which it arrives at is not that which we can ideally contemplate without error, but that which we may act upon without fear; and you cannot fail to see that scientific thought is not an accompaniment or condition of human progress, but progress itself.

Just as individual scientists may make errors of judgment about fruitful directions for scientific effort, so also any individual administrator or committee which is charged with deciding on financial support for research proposals may also make an error of judgment. This possibility is minimized by the existence of parallel channels, for consideration by more than one group, of proposals for research projects.

In the period since 1945, the federal government has evolved flexible and ef-

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The adjacent text is from the opening pages of *Scientific Study of Unidentified Flying Objects*, a document copyright © by the University of Colorado and reproduced here by special permission of the University. The full text of Dr. Condon's report is available to the public as a Bantam book.

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fective machinery for giving careful consideration to proposals from properly qualified scientists. What to some may seem like duplicated machinery actually acts as a safeguard against errors being made by some single official body. Even so, some errors could be made but the hazard is reduced nearly to zero.

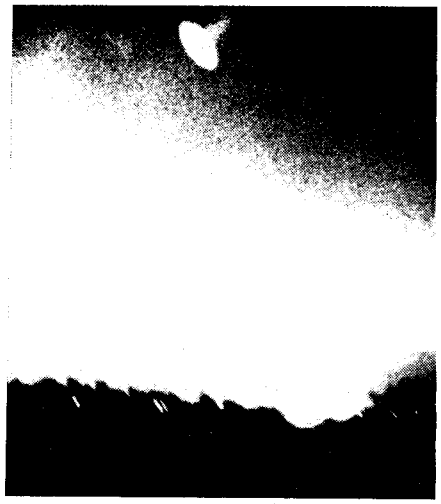
Therefore, we think that all of the agencies of the federal government, and the private foundations as well, ought to be willing to consider UFO research proposals along with the others submitted to them on an open-minded, unprejudiced basis. While we do not think at present that anything worthwhile is likely to come of such research, each individual case ought to be carefully considered on its own merits.

This formulation carries with it the corollary that we do not think that at this time the federal government ought to set up a major new agency, as some have suggested, for the scientific study of UFOs. This conclusion may not be true for all time. If, by the progress of research based on new ideas in this field, it then appears worthwhile to create such an agency, the decision to do so may be taken at that time.

WE find that there are important areas of atmospheric optics, including radio wave propagation, and of atmospheric electricity in which present knowledge is quite incomplete. These topics came to our attention in connection with the interpretation of some UFO reports, but they are also of fundamental scientific interest, and they are relevant to practical problems related to the improvement of safety of military and civilian flying.

Research efforts are being carried out in these areas by the Department of Defense, the Environmental Science Services Administration, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and by universities and nonprofit research organizations such as the National Center for Atmospheric Research, whose work is sponsored by the National Science Foundation. We commend these efforts. By no means should our lack of enthusiasm for study of UFO reports as such be misconstrued as a recommendation that these important related fields of scientific work not be adequately supported in the future. In an era of major development of air travel, of space exploration, and of military aerospace activities, everything possible should be done to improve our basic understanding of all atmospheric phenomena, and to improve the training of astronauts and aircraft pilots in the recognition and understanding of such phenomena.

AS the reader of this report will readily judge, we have focused attention almost entirely on the physical sciences. This was in part a matter of determining priorities and in part because we found rather less than some persons may have expected in the way of psychiatric problems related to belief in the reality of UFOs as craft from remote galactic or intergalactic civilizations. We believe that the rigorous study of the beliefs—unsupported by valid evidence—held by individuals and even by some groups might prove of scientific value to the social and behavioral sciences. There is no implication here that individual or group psychopathology is a principal area of study. Reports of UFOs offer interesting challenges to the student of cognitive processes as they are affected by individual and social variables. By this connection, we conclude that a content-analysis of press and television coverage of UFO reports might yield data of value both to the social scientist and the communications specialist. The lack of such a study in the present report is due to a judgment on our part that other areas of investigation were of much higher priority. We do not suggest, however, that the UFO phenomenon is, by its nature, more amenable to study in these disciplines than in the physical sciences. On the contrary, we conclude that the same specificity in proposed research in these areas is as desirable as it is in the physical sciences.



—William K. Hartmann.

UFO? No. A street lamp flare.

THE question remains as to what, if anything, the federal government should do about the UFO reports it receives from the general public. We are inclined to think that nothing should be done with them in the expectation that they are going to contribute to the advance of science.

This question is inseparable from the question of the national defense interest of these reports. The history of the past twenty-one years has repeatedly led Air Force officers to the conclusion that none of the things seen, or thought to have been seen, which pass by the name of UFO reports, constituted any hazard or threat to national security.

We felt that it was out of our province to attempt an independent evaluation of this conclusion. We adopted the attitude that, without attempting to assume the defense responsibility which is that of the Air Force, if we came across any evidence whatever that seemed to us to indicate a defense hazard we would call it to the attention of the Air Force at once. We did not find any such evidence. We know of no reason to question the finding of the Air Force that the whole class of UFO reports so far considered does not pose a defense problem.

At the same time, however, the basis for reaching an opinion of this kind is that such reports have been given attention, one by one, as they are received. Had no attention whatever been given to any of them, we would not be in a position to feel confident of this conclusion. Therefore, it seems that only so much attention to the subject should be given as the Department of Defense

The National Academy of Sciences appointed a special panel to review Professor Condon's two-year study of UFOs. After analyzing the fifty-nine detailed UFO cases histories documented in his report, the panel concluded:

"We are unanimous in the opinion that this has been a very creditable effort to apply objectively the relevant techniques of science to the solution of the UFO problem. The Report recognizes that there remain UFO sightings that are not easily explained. The Report does suggest, however, so many reasonable and possible directions in which an explanation may eventually be found that there seems to be no reason to attribute them to an extraterrestrial source without evidence that is much more convincing. The Report also shows how difficult it is to apply scientific methods to the occasional transient sightings with any chance of success. While further study of particular aspects of the topic (e.g., atmospheric phenomena) may be useful, a study of UFOs in general is not a promising way to expand scientific understanding of the phenomena. On the basis of present knowledge the least likely explanation of UFOs is the hypothesis of extraterrestrial visitations by intelligent beings."

(For historical background, see SR, SCIENCE AND HUMANITY, Aug. 6, Sept. 3, Dec. 3, 1966; Feb. 4, 1967).

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deems to be necessary strictly from a defense point of view. The level of effort should not be raised because of arguments that the subject has scientific importance, so far as present indications go.

It is our impression that the defense function could be performed within the framework established for intelligence and surveillance operations without the continuance of a special unit such as Project Blue Book, but this is a question for defense specialists rather than research scientists.

It has been contended that the subject has been shrouded in official secrecy. We conclude otherwise. We have no evidence of secrecy concerning UFO reports. What has been miscalled secrecy has been no more than an intelligent policy of delay in releasing data so that the public does not become confused by premature publication of incomplete studies of reports.

The subject of UFOs has been widely misrepresented to the public by a small number of individuals who have given sensationalized presentations in writings and public lectures. So far as we can judge, not many people have been misled by such irresponsible behavior, but whatever effect there has been has been bad.

A related problem to which we wish to direct public attention is the miseducation in our schools which arises from the fact that many children are being allowed, if not actively encouraged, to devote their science study time to the reading of UFO books and magazine articles of the type referred to in the preceding paragraph. We feel that children are educationally harmed by absorbing unsound and erroneous material as if it were scientifically well founded. Such study is harmful not merely because of the erroneous nature of the material itself, but also because such study retards the development of a critical faculty with regard to scientific evidence, which to some degree ought to be part of the education of every American.

Therefore, we strongly recommend that teachers refrain from giving students credit for school work based on their reading of the presently available UFO books and magazine articles. Teachers who find their students strongly motivated in this direction should attempt to channel their interests in the direction of serious study of astronomy and meteorology, and in the direction of critical analysis of arguments for fantastic propositions that are being supported by appeals to fallacious reasoning or false data.

We hope that the results of our study will prove useful to scientists and those responsible for the formation of public policy generally in dealing with this problem which has now been with us for twenty-one years.

—*Grace Marmor Spruch.*

Edward Condon: "A fiercely principled and anti-diplomatic . . . man."

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—CVIII

Reporter Edward Condon

WHAT kind of man is the one who undertook the independent scientific study of UFOs—a subject most scientists wouldn't touch with a 100-foot pole? If, as most scientists believe, UFOs are "a lot of nonsense," "products of overactive imagination glands," "not susceptible to calm and serious study," and clouded with suspicion because "too many kooks are chasing them," what kind of man would be *asked* to conduct an independent scientific investigation?

The answer to the second question is easy. Only a truly distinguished scientist could be considered for such an assignment: a man of impressive stature, able to impart dignity to the project and give weight to whatever conclusions might be reached.

Edward Uhler Condon is indeed distinguished: former director of the National Bureau of Standards, former president of the American Physical Society, former president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, former director of research for Corning Glass and for Westinghouse Electric, present member of the august National Academy of Sciences of the United States and of several national academies abroad, scientific adviser to the first U.S. Senate committee on atomic energy, co-author of a thirty-year-old classic on atomic physics, co-author of the best available one-volume handbook of physics, now professor of physics at the University of Colorado and formerly professor at Princeton, Minnesota, and Washington University in St. Louis. In addition, Condon and R. W. Gurney (and the late George Gamow, independently) were the first to give a theoretical interpretation of radioactivity, one of the most important physics problems of this era.

What kind of man is Condon? The answer to this question is much more complex. He is different to different people, perhaps as a function of their differences from each other and from him. The composite Condon is a moral, impassioned man, with a depth of concern for mankind not common in scientists; a man fiercely principled and anti-diplomatic; a man who believes and feels in sharp contrasts, who will let the world know his position without ambiguity. Fuzzimindedness is anathema to him and he insists on saying so at every opportunity. But this rasping trait is wedded to an extreme generosity and kindness. Throughout his life he has given freely of his time, his counsel, his finances, and his home. During his years at the Bureau of Standards, the attic of his home in Washington was a dormitory for young scientists hounded by the Un-American Activities Committee of the U.S. House of Representatives.

Condon is sixty-six years old, wears spectacles and a gray crew haircut. Tall, somewhat stout, he gives the impression of a vertical ellipsoid. When I remarked on this, he commented: "I recently lost twenty pounds and am now more ec-

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centric than ever." In this he revealed enjoyment of mathematical quips, for the eccentricity of an ellipse measures its departure from circularity. Condon is in no sense circular.

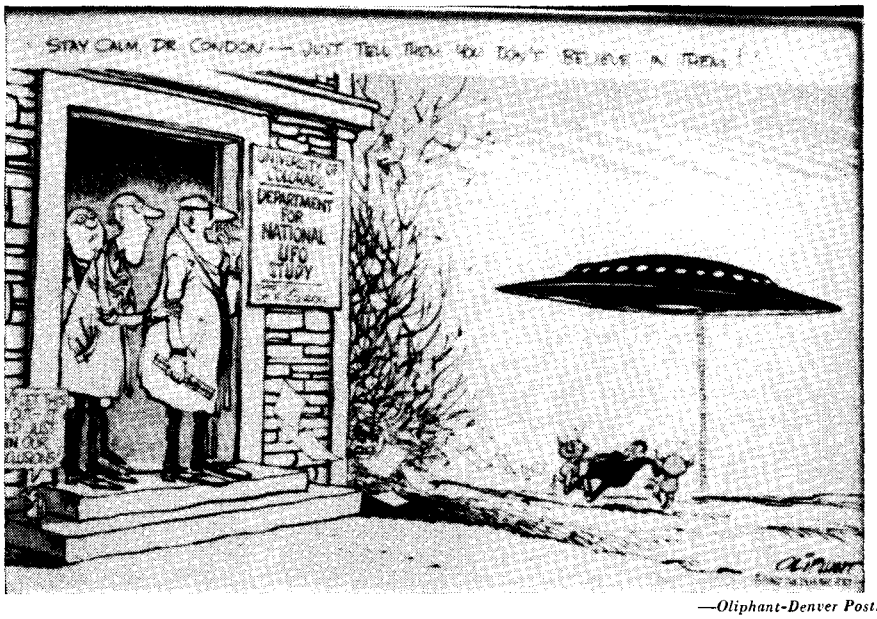
In describing Condon, people use phrases like "prickly integrity," "blockbuster," "huge hunk of granite." How one takes him depends upon the thickness of one's hide and one's own sense of integrity. Dr. Gerald Oster, of New York's Mt. Sinai Medical School, met Condon when Oster was a graduate student working on a summer project at Westinghouse. Condon was associate director of research there. "It was hot," Oster recalls, "and Condon came in eating an ice cream cone. He started talking to me about what I was doing. I said I'd write a report for him. 'Oh no, I'll never read it,' he said. So we talked. I had found some sort of temperature effect. A pattern of electromagnetic waves was displayed on an oscilloscope, and when I changed the temperature there'd be a change in the frequency distribution. I thought I had a great way to measure frequencies. Condon didn't treat me like a student. He spoke to me as an equal. 'Are you crazy?' he said. 'Do you know how accurately we can measure frequencies today?'" Oster found this "equality" wonderful. Less confident people might cringe.

Condon's formidable intellect crackles like Rocky Mountain lightning. He gives others the feeling that he would like their minds to crackle, too; if they cannot manage to scratch up a spark, there is all-around disappointment.

Perhaps Condon's most salient feature is his humor. Once, when he was testifying before a congressional committee on appropriations, a Congressman berated him for allowing expensive machines in the Bureau of Standards to lie idle. Condon could not refrain from drawing on immediate experience. He testified that he had just visited the men's room where there were six toilets. Only one toilet was being used because the room had been "designed for peak load."

Condon's sense of humor might have been a factor in his taking on the UFO study. He did not seek the project. He had to be persuaded, the most appealing argument to him being that the study would be a public service. Condon has a long record of public service. He has written and lectured on the responsibility of scientists to society, and is currently president of the Society for Social Responsibility in Science.

Almost before the project could get off the ground the controversy over UFOs infected the project itself. With all the talk of cross-fertilization these days, and the word "interdisciplinary" edging in and out of conversations, one would think that an investigation of UFOs would be an ideal focus for different disciplines, for each to contribute its special knowledge. Physical scientists would bring their knowledge of natural phenomena, meteorology, the ability to calculate what is possible and what is not, according to the laws of physics. Psychologists would bring a knowledge of perception, how the human senses react to different stimuli and how the brain interprets these reactions, and possibly a knowledge of emotional responses: what type of person will react in which way to which stimulus. A coordinator would organize the data and develop a coherent picture from isolated bits. A team so constituted would seem to be a whole greater than the sum of its parts—provided that the members of the team were united on the goals and the function of the project, and the manner in which it should be conducted.



—Oliphant-Denver Post.

The cartoon above adorns a wall of Edward Condon's office.

And there's the rub. The interpretation of the UFO project's aims by some of the investigators was not the interpretation of the project's director.

The project's assigned objective was to determine whether the Government should continue to finance the chasing of "flying saucers" in the interests of science. The Air Force had long since reached the conclusion that UFOs did not represent a national security hazard.

BEFORE the study began—even before the University of Colorado agreed to accede to the urgent pleas of the Air Force that Condon be encouraged to direct the investigation—the man who later turned out to be administrative coordinator of the project for Condon wrote a memo that he thought would be read only by members of the Colorado administrative staff. The memo's author, Robert J. Low, was then assistant dean of the Graduate School. At the time he wrote the memo he was aware, and knew that some of the faculty members were also aware, that other universities had turned down the UFO project and that eminent scientists on the Colorado campus opposed Colorado's involvement on the grounds that laymen would interpret acceptance of the study contract to mean that Colorado as an institution believed in the possibility that UFOs might be extraterrestrial vehicles. Low therefore tried to state in the memo the question of whether the scientific method could possibly prove a negative hypothesis. If extraterrestrial vehicles did not exist, could anyone prove they did not? His phrasing proved unfortunate when the memo was circulated outside the staff and was published in part in a *Look* magazine article signed by John Fuller, who had earlier published UFO reports in TRADE WINDS in *SR*. The excerpt that appeared in *Look* read as follows:

> The trick would be, I think, to describe the project so that, to the public, it would appear a totally objective study but, to the scientific community, would present the image of a group of nonbelievers trying their best to be objective but having an almost zero expectation of finding a [flying] saucer.

The lay readership of *Look* could not be expected to understand that the excerpt began with what is virtually a household phrase among scientists. "The trick is to . . ." means only *the way to do it is* and connotes no deceit. The phrase is used in connection with solving an equation, for example. One might say, "the trick is to solve for x first, then for y." But when the phrase was linked with a supposed intention to give the public one impression and the scientific community another, the effect was bad.

Condon has never been known to give the public one impression while giving

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the scientific world another. He has, if anything, been too candid all around. He never pretended to believe in UFOs. He told several different reporters he was agnostic on the subject. However, being an accomplished *raconteur*, Condon delighted in telling some of the more amusing UFO stories, giving some the impression (before he completed his study) that he was biased against UFOs. Condon was skeptical, as one would expect a scientist of his caliber to be. But skepticism is not the same as bias. A scientist is perfectly capable of objectivity while being skeptical. All his training is geared to that end. He doesn't mindlessly putter around to see what he can come up with. Most of the time he has an idea, which he then tests. He knows where he is going before he starts out, though he may have to change direction as he gets more data. He is open-minded, not empty-minded.

In the beginning, Condon won praise from UFO buffs because of the presence on his study staff of several persons sympathetic to the extraterrestrial vehicle explanation for UFOs. Later, the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena broke with Condon because his staff investigated "only half of 1 per cent" of the UFO sightings claimed by NICAP. A paperback book titled *UFOs? Yes! Where the Condon Committee Went Wrong* (New American Library) was started toward press after Condon discharged two of his investigators on the heels of the removal of the Low memo from the files. The co-author of the book, who tells the story in first person narrative form to Colorado newsman R. Roger Harkins, is one of the discharged pair, psychologist David R. Saunders.

CONDON points out that Saunders left the Colorado project before any of the final report had been written, hence what Saunders has to say must be judged in that context.

Saunders, who continues on the Colorado faculty, told me he feels we must "weight the probability" of UFOs being extraterrestrial vehicles. That is, if there is one chance in a billion that something will occur, but that occurrence might have dire consequences, then we must treat it as if it were much more probable than one in a billion. We must multiply the actual probability by a factor proportional to the danger. In UFO terms, if the chances are one in a billion that they are products of extraterrestrial intelligence, but if that intelligence can destroy our civilization, then we must invest heavily to find out all about them in order to protect ourselves.

I asked Dr. Saunders whether the situation regarding evidence that UFOs are products of extraterrestrial intelligence might be compared to the law in different countries. In France a man is guilty until he is proven innocent; here he is innocent until proven guilty. The latter would correspond to Condon's view that the burden of proof has to lie with those who believe UFOs are extraterrestrially directed. Saunders replied: "There is a third alternative—a legal system in which, if a man is charged, there is a greater presumption for that charge than if he had not been charged." One then has to search for the evidence, he maintained; for, if the man were held innocent until some evidence came to light, one might miss the evidence by not searching for it diligently enough.

—*Herblock-Washington Post.*

Another cartoon displayed in Condon's office.

Condon was furious over Saunders's participation in the *Look* attack. He left the impression with some people that he might not have survived the UFO study if it had not entailed some lighter moments. One involved Snippy, a three-year-old Appaloosa horse found dead and partly stripped of flesh on a ranch near Alamosa, Colorado. Some Alamosa residents claimed the horse had been dispatched by visitors from outer space. Mounting pressures led Condon to send investigators. Two bullet holes were found in the carcass. When Condon was asked what his team had concluded after examining the horse, he said, "It stank." But Snippy brought a lot of tourist trade to Alamosa, and his bones have been mounted for display by the Chamber of Commerce.

At a dinner in Denver, an official function where the guests included the Governor of Colorado and his lady and some top military brass, a woman very prominent in public affairs ignored everyone else and latched onto Condon. She insisted upon being seated next to him at dinner and, monopolizing him entirely, fired UFO questions at him.

"What do you think of Clarion?" she asked. Condon had never heard of Clarion. It seemed that some people believe that extraterrestrial intelligence makes its headquarters on Clarion, a hypothetical planet which they suppose is the same distance from the sun as Earth is, but on the other side, behind the sun, so that it cannot be seen from Earth. (The time required to traverse one orbit around the sun depends, by Newton's laws, only upon the distance from the sun, and since Earth and Clarion are supposed to be at the same distance, they will have the same period of revolution about the sun, one year. Therefore, once behind the sun, Clarion would supposedly remain behind the sun from Earth's point of view, and would never be detected.) Some believers think UFOs are sent out from Clarion.

Condon pointed out to his persistent questioner that all of the astronomers' precise calculations and predictions of the movements of the planets are based on a solar system that contains no Clarion. If Clarion were to exist it would perturb the motion of the other planets; likewise, the presence of all the other planets would perturb the orbit of Clarion. One could calculate the size of

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these effects, and how long it would take for them to be observed.

"Are you sure, Dr. Condon?" the woman insisted. "Have you ever computed it yourself? I think you should compute it yourself."

This was an enjoyable assignment for Condon, putting an intriguing idea to the scientific test. This type of problem had already been programed for computer, and needed only minor modification to apply to Clarion. It was computed for the Colorado UFO project at the Naval Observatory. The result disclosed that if there were a Clarion hiding behind the sun, an anomalous motion of Venus could be detected in about three months. Because of the interaction of all the planets, Clarion itself would emerge from behind the sun in roughly thirty years. Condon dispatched his findings to his dinner partner. Back came a lamenting reply, "That's what I dislike about computers. They always destroy one's fondest illusions."

THE UFO controversy is hardly the first one in which Condon has been embroiled. The norm for his whole life is atypicality. A good fraction of America's outstanding scientists of Condon's generation were born in Europe and emigrated to this country. Condon was born in Alamogordo, New Mexico, four years after the town was settled. (Forty-three years later it was to be the site of the first atomic bomb explosion.) Most scientists come from stable, middle-class homes. Condon's father had run away from home in his teens to become a self-made civil engineer, interested in railroad building. Condon's parents separated when he was six, and Edward didn't see his father again until the boy was twelve. Edward and his restless mother moved from town to town in the West, gleaning for him an elementary education from fourteen different schools.

Condon describes himself as a soft, fat boy, "a great patron of the public library." The closest he came to athletics was to run from all forms of it. At sixteen he became a reporter, switching from newspaper to newspaper in the San Francisco-Oakland area. It was easy, he claims. The time was World War I. The experienced reporters were in the Army. Newspapers were desperate for staff. He attended school in the morning, worked on the paper in the afternoon, and helped out in his mother's grocery store at night.

The short, snappy life of Edward U. Condon as a newspaperman lasted three years. It contained an incident that, if it were in a play, would have the critics crying "contrived." But the director of our lives, of Condon's at least, has a strong sense of irony, and did not deem it too contrived that Condon should be, at sixteen, on the smearing end of a smear campaign of the same kind that would cause him much anguish later.

At the end of World War I, during one of the more violent attacks of red hysteria this country periodically suffers, at the time of the Palmer raids, sixteen-year-old Condon was working for the Oakland *Enquirer,* covering unions. For want of any other news one Sunday, he covered a state organizational meeting of a left wing group that had split from the Socialist party. The meeting was not exciting; it was somewhat dull in fact, full of parliamentary procedures and organizational matters. Then someone removed the maroon cloth covering the piano and everyone joined in some songs. Condon wrote a three-inch story on the meeting, which he anticipated would be buried on page 10. But his editor had no other news for the day, and saw possibilities in the little item. The California legislature had just passed a state law defining "criminal syndicalism," which had not yet been tested.

By the time the story got to the front page, which is where it got to, the maroon piano cover had turned red, and the headline read, RED FLAG SHROUDS AMERICAN COLORS. Where had the "American colors" come from? There had been an American flag on a book-

case substituting for glass doors to keep dust from the books. When the maroon cloth had been removed from the piano, it had unthinkingly been placed on the bookcase, covering the flag.

Eleven of the men who had taken part in the dull Sunday political meeting were arrested and charged with criminal syndicalism. There were trials. Condon was the principal state's witness. Some of the accused went to San Quentin Prison. Others jumped bail and fled the country. Lives were ruined. When, sick at what his attendance at the little Sunday meeting had come to, Condon tried to set the record straight, and in testimony changed the red flag back to the maroon piano cover, it was too late.

Emilie Honzik Condon, Edward Condon's wife, weighed eighty-five pounds when they met at the Oakland *Tribune,* where she worked as the *Tribune's* information service, answering questions readers phoned in. She, too, had a hard beginning, with much work and little food on the Oregon farm on which her Czech parents had settled. The nearby town had no high school, so Emilie went to an out-of-town high school as well as to college, doing housework for her room and board. The two were married when Condon was twenty and a sophomore at the University of California in Berkeley. While his interests were always in math and the physical sciences, hers were in history and Slavic literature, particularly Czech. This was to be held against them later.

Condon had to take an extra term of compulsory ROTC in college, having flunked one term for "a little act of insubordination." Since then the military has (until now) had more difficulty with Condon. In *The New World, the History of the United States Atomic Energy Commission,* by Richard G. Hewlett and Oscar E. Anderson, Jr., in a section on the director of the atomic bomb project at Los Alamos, it is stated: "Oppenheimer's position became more difficult when Edward U. Condon, who had been brought from the Westinghouse Research Laboratories to be associate director, clashed with the military authorities and left the project." The clash was with General Leslie Groves, who wanted the project's scientists to be assigned military ranks: Oppenheimer to be a colonel, associate professors to be majors, etc. Condon objected violently, and won. The scientists remained civilians. But he had made enemies.

When the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, Condon had to read about it in the papers. He was stunned. He was back at Westinghouse by that time. Although he had worked on one aspect of the bomb at the University of California, the work had been so removed from the engineering of an actual bomb that he and some of his colleagues had blocked out awareness of the culmination of their work. They knew they were working on a bomb, but they erased the thought that some day it would be dropped.

A couple of days after the Hiroshima explosion, Condon lay awake all night thinking about the bomb in a way he had not thought about it before when it had been essential to produce one before the Germans produced one. He became anxious about the future of civilization. The next morning he wrote an article on his first thoughts on the social and political problems of atomic energy. That day the Nagasaki bomb fell.

Condon kept writing and speaking. He and some scientist colleagues organized what he called "the largest scale lobby-job ever put on by a bunch of rank amateurs." He teamed up with the late Leo Szilard (one of three distinguished scientists who helped persuade President Roosevelt to sponsor the atomic bomb project) for appearances before congressional committees. When the Senate Committee on Atomic Energy, sponsoring the McMahon Bill for civilian control of atomic energy, sought a scientific adviser, Condon was selected. And his enemies multiplied.

In November 1945, on the day his appointment to the Senate committee

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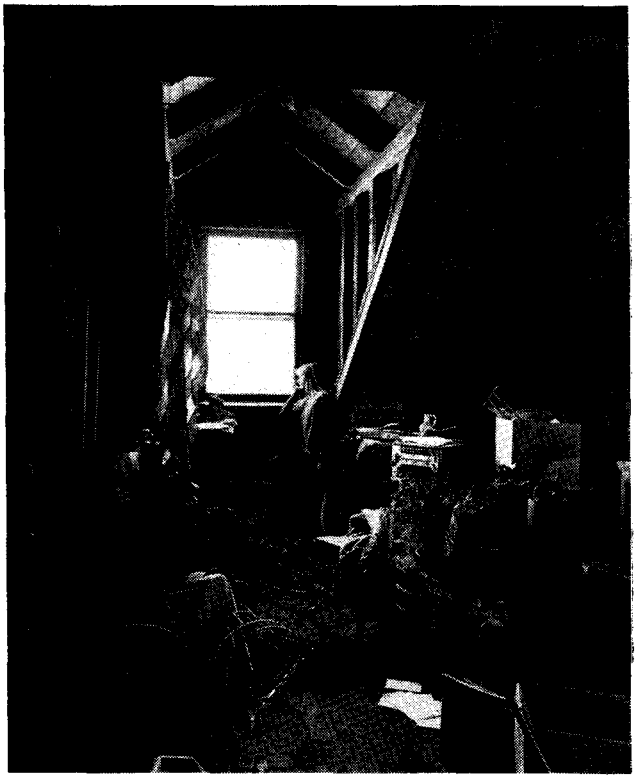

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post was announced, he was named director of the National Bureau of Standards by President Harry Truman on the recommendation of Henry A. Wallace, then Secretary of Commerce.

THE rest is history. The military lost the battle for atomic energy. An unidentified person wrote to the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy in 1946, suggesting it look into the FBI file on Condon. Representative J. Parnell Thomas, who later served a term in prison for payroll padding, was then head of the House Un-American Activities Committee. Thomas wrote two magazine articles stating, in essence, that Condon was someone to watch. Condon asked to appear before Thomas's committee to answer questions. He was not called, but the committee launched an investigation. At Condon's request, the loyalty board of the Department of Commerce initiated a parallel investigation while W. Averell Harriman was Secretary of Commerce. That board cleared Condon of any suspicion of disloyalty. Thomas then made a statement calling Condon "perhaps one of the weakest links in our atomic security." The accusation was published on Condon's birthday, March 2, which his family has ever since celebrated as "National Weak Link Day." Condon repeatedly asked to testify on the charges against him, but was not given the opportunity until 1952, a year after he had resigned from the Bureau of Standards "to take a better position in industry." Then, he denied the charges under oath. Five months later his clearance was revoked. This revocation was appealed. Limited clearance was restored and again revoked. Condon was then director of research and development at Corning Glass. In December 1954, Corning issued a statement that Condon would make no further effort to:

> maintain a clearance status which will give him access to classified government information. . . . He recognizes that his continuance in an uncleared status impairs his usefulness to the company as director of research and development. He has therefore voluntarily tendered his resignation.

Condon's own statement said that in July 1954 the Eastern Industrial Personnel Security Board had found him entitled to full clearance in connection with work at Corning. This finding had been reported in the press on October 19. On October 21 Secretary of the Navy Charles Thomas announced that he had asked the board to reconsider and had suspended the clearance. Condon's statement continued:

> At the present time I do not feel there is any possibility of my securing a fair and independent judgment in a reconsideration of the decision of the Eastern Industrial Personnel Security Board of last July in favor of my security clearance. I am now unwilling to continue a potentially indefinite series of reviews and rereviews. I have therefore withdrawn my application for clearance with the satisfaction that an objective and unbiased board which has conducted a complete hearing in this matter, which is also the highest board established by the three military departments for this purpose has, after hearing me and studying the full record, decided that I am entitled to full clearance.

There followed a two-year period that newspapers fill in with references to his having moved to California to work on theoretical problems. "I was unemployed," states Condon flatly. Several offers to be chairman of university physics departments and one to be dean of a graduate school fizzled out under the pressure of his outcast state.

Scientists overwhelmingly backed Condon. Several months after he left the Bureau of Standards he was designated president-elect of the prestigious American Association for the Advancement of Science. When he was installed as president a year later, he received a tremendous ovation.

IN 1962, when the nation celebrated Colonel John Glenn's space flight, some newspapers pointed out that it was also a great day for Condon, for he had contributed one of the most important ingredients to Glenn's success—the heat-resistant rocket nose cone. In 1954, the Navy had asked Condon, as research director at Corning, to develop the cone. The laboratory had succeeded, and the nose cone had been driven from Corning to Washington by station wagon. This was at the time Secretary of the Navy Thomas had suspended Condon's clearance, and the Navy refused to accept the cone. Condon remarked that he already knew the secret of the nose cone since he had been in charge of the lab that had developed it, "and you can't put the egg back into the chicken." The Navy still refused. Three weeks later the nose cone was sheepishly accepted.

Two of the young scientists who had been inspired by Condon's courage during the Bureau of Standards unhappiness were instrumental in his joining the staff at Colorado. One is Professor Richard N. Thomas, the other Professor Lewis Branscomb, head of JILA (Joint Institute Laboratory of Astrophysics). Condon's office is on the top floor of the JILA building, the tallest building on the university's campus. His windows afford a magnificent view of the campus, the Rocky Mountains beyond, and anything that comes in out of the skies. He doesn't expect to see any flying saucers.

"I would love to discover there are visitors from outer space if there are, but I would hate to declare that they exist if they do not," he told me. "It is really too important a matter to deal with in a trivial and irresponsible way. The project members looked for positive evidence in every way they could think of, and found none. This does not prove that extraterrestrial beings are not visiting Earth, but leaves us without positive evidence that they are." Then he added: "I hope people will read the report before deciding whether they like it or not."

—GRACE MARMOR SPRUCH.

"Hey, look! Here's a report that says we don't exist."

Grace Marmor Spruch holds a doctorate in physics. Now a free-lance science writer, she has been associated with New York University as a research scientist.

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Buffoons

Continued from page 31

sets: the narrator, a decrepit double of Céline, hobbles across the vast stage, and in his medical role participates in all the pain and mad hilarity; carrying his cat Bébert in a hunting bag around his neck and accompanied by Lili, his wife (Lucette in actual life), he blends with other strange apparitions, some of which come into view for an instant only to vanish, while others linger in excruciating fashion—the mole-like, last offshoot of the Hohenzollern, Princess Hermilie; the deluded creature who identifies himself as the Bishop of Albi, persecuted since 1209 (and not 1929, as *Castle to Castle* state); the insane surgeon who tries to cut into unanesthetized, unwilling patients; Orphize, the movie director, who comes to film a soap-opera of "daily life in Siegmaringen"; and leading the monstrous procession, Aisha von Raumnitz, the sultry female executioner in red alligator boots, replete with whip and mastiffs at her heels, who leads the condemned and lunatic to the ominous "Room 36," the gateway to a nonmythic hell.

In this world of tormentors and scapegoats, where death and sex, terror and glee are inextricably linked, the author is both chronicler and victim. Included, not as a witness but as one of the participants in the bloody drama, his voice can speak straight from the center of the holocaust. Céline's style reflects this vantage point: direct as a karate-chop, incisive as a scalpel, it is aimed at our very vitals and designed — through a series of literary maneuvers as carefully perfected as a surgical intervention—to allow us no escape from the vision we are meant to confront. It is one of the greatest and most difficult of Ralph Manheim's accomplishments to have kept intact, in the English translation, the relentless rhythm and perfectly timed bombardment of invectives devised by Céline in order that his "underground of the emotions" may smash its way straight into our nervous system. The translator's task is however only slightly more arduous than the reader's. The reward for both is the profound shock and exhilaration produced by close contact with the work of Céline, whose mastery in creating one of the truly cathartic experiences of contemporary literature is indisputable.

Peter and the Elf: "Boredom is the opposite of living," declares Peter Carmody, middle-aged creative director of a New York advertising agency, indulging his weakness for reassuring homilies. Boredom is his marriage to Rose, maintained by both through habit alone; living is the affair he is having with his younger co-worker Elizabeth, whom he calls "elf." Naturally Peter wishes to end his nugatory union with Rose and marry Elizabeth, but without risking his satisfying companionship with his two children. Sol Stein's target in *The Husband* (Coward-McCann, $5.95) is our outmoded divorce laws, through which property settlements, alimony demands, and custody of children become punitive weapons against the husband who seeks release from a no longer profitable contract.

There is a case to be made here, but Mr. Stein, whose writing talent seems not to soar above the journalistic, might have been better advised to grind his axe in the form of an article. Instead, apparently with an eye on drugstore paperback sales and Hollywood film rights, he has extended a simplistic tract to the dimension of a novel, or, more accurately, a movie script.

Late-blooming Peter, square and slightly stupid, stands for the Good and the Honest against an assault of contrived episodes—mostly sexual, of course —designed to titillate and shock. His boyishly enthusiastic couplings with Elizabeth, textbookishly explicit, contrast with memories of his clumsy teenage seduction by Rose. There is a predictable scene of marital sex ennui, and an act of voyeurism involving the agency president and his girl Friday that should give executives' wives fresh anxiety about business trips. Prepared for a wholesome country holiday on a visit to married friends, the lovers are scared out of their wits when both host and hostess try to effect a change of partners to brisk up their own encounters.

Mr. Stein appears to grapple for symbolic meaning. The specter of extinction hovers ever near. A coronary death, a near suicide, a fatal auto crash, a hold-up at gunpoint all persuade Peter and his elf that they must seize the day. At the close of the book their hang-up becomes quite literal, providing a possibility for some great film footage. It's all been pretty rough on Peter, whose most dreadful sin, as might be expected of a sloganeer, is committed against the English language. "Why," he ponders, "did male desire demand the ultimate at once, and the female, like a soufflé, require gentling and patience?"

The author is head of a publishing house. Though not a novelist, he clearly knows what sells books.

—Muriel Haynes.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 40: acres, cares, races, scare.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. duck. 2. lark. 3. hawk. 4. gull. 5. crow. 6. swan. 7. crane. 8. quail. 9. raven. 10. grouse. 11. parrot. 12. swallow. 13. flicker. 14. cock. 15. dove. 16. snipe.

Check List

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The Critical Temper: Victorian Literature and American Literature. By Martin Tucker. Ungar. $15.

Edwin Arlington Robinson. By Hoyt C. Franchere. Twayne. $3.95.

The English Drama, 1485-1585. By F. P. Wilson. Oxford. $5.95.

Jesse Stuart. By Ruel E. Foster. Twayne. $3.95.

Literature in Brazil. By Afranio Coutinho. Columbia. $10.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. Edited by Carl Bode. Hill & Wang. $5.95.

William Carlos Williams. By Thomas R. Whitaker. Twayne. $3.95.

Miscellany

All You Know Is Facts. By Martin Mayer. Harper & Row. $6.95.

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(Continued on page 68)

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

(Continued from page 67)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1817

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. English comedian (1776-1835) famous for his "at homes"	13 24 30 58 65 68 80
B. *In law*, conveyance; psychiatric illness	81 103 130 137 150 160 193 15 18 49
C. Basket-weaving material	57 78 90 92 134 140
D. Ecclesiastical vestment	170 186 194 8 19 102 115 125
E. Author *The Tyranny of Words* and *Live and Let Live.*	136 159 174 180 190
F. Tahiti's former name	34 42 48 69 77 143 53 56
G. University in Evanston, Ill.	63 89 141 44 74 138 152 168 85 99 177 198
H. One who criticizes minutely (comp.)	4 28 71 36 156 17 129 145 153
I. The Prince of Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper*	154 166 11 14 20 64
J. Author of *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing*	121 127 148 169 188
K. Runs, in England	128 179 7 95 104 142 200
L. Raw materials for tailors and seamstresses (2 wds.)	176 197 6 98 132 149 163 105 106
M. Talked vaingloriously	144 5 31 51 91 178 112
N. *Focal point*	117 201 40 86 97 122 171 12
O. Averse	70 100 151 196 21 55 93 118 2 173
P. *Justice Shallow, naked,* looks "like a forked radish, with a head fantastically ——— it," says Falstaff. (2 wds., *Henry IV, part II*)	75 108 175 189 33 50 52 60 171 131
Q. Panegyric	192 135 83 181 27 72 164 79
R. Site of England's Royal Military College	25 38 165 161 9 62 185 47 119
S. Whistle-stop (comp. and wd.)	184 172 84 107 41 195 39 87 123 94 23 182
T. A cultivated iris	35 32 46 22 54 187 114
U. Daughter of Mohammed and wife of Ali	162 67 110 199 116 10
V. Avoid positive, direct action	61 96 26 155 45 109 1 113 29
W. Art of inlaid woodwork, developed in Italy	126 43 3 73 147 101
X. Type of hanging	120 66 76 167 88
Y. Subject of Sheean's *Lead Kindly Light*	191 59 16 146 124 158
Z. Disseminate	37 157 183 82 133 139

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

			1 V	2 O	3 W	4 H	5 M	6 L	7 K		8 D	9 R	10 U	11 I	12 N		13 A
14 I	15 B	16 Y		17 H	18 B	19 D	20 I	21 O	22 T		23 S	24 A	25 R		26 V		27 Q
28 H	29 V	30 A	31 M	32 T	33 P		34 F	35 T		36 H	37 Z	38 R	39 S		40 N	41 S	42 F
43 W	44 G	45 V	46 T	47 R		48 F	49 B	50 P		51 M	52 P	53 F	54 T		55 O	56 F	57 C
58 A	59 Y	60 P	61 V		62 R	63 G	64 I	65 A	66 X		67 U		68 A	69 F	70 O	71 H	72 Q
73 W	74 G		75 P	76 X	77 F	78 C	79 Q		80 A	81 B	82 Z	83 Q	84 S		85 G	86 N	87 S
	88 X	89 G	90 C	91 M		92 C	93 O	94 S	95 K		96 V	97 N	98 L		99 G	100 O	101 W
102 D	103 B	104 K	105 L		106 L	107 S	108 P	109 V		110 U	111 P		112 M	113 V		114 T	115 D
116 U	117 N	118 O	119 R		120 X	121 J	122 N		123 S	124 Y	125 D		126 W	127 J	128 K	129 H	130 B
131 P	132 L		133 Z	134 C	135 Q	136 E	137 B		138 G	139 Z		140 C	141 G	142 K	143 F	144 M	145 H
146 Y		147 W		148 J	149 L	150 B	151 O	152 G	153 H	154 I	155 V		156 H	157 Z		158 Y	
159 E	160 B	161 R		162 U	163 L	164 Q	165 R	166 I		167 X		168 G	169 J	170 D	171 N	172 S	173 O
174 E	175 P	176 L		177 G	178 M	179 K	180 E	181 Q	182 S		183 Z	184 S	185 R		186 D	187 T	188 J
	189 P	190 E	191 Y	192 Q	193 B	194 D	195 S	196 O	197 L	198 G	199 U	200 K	201 N				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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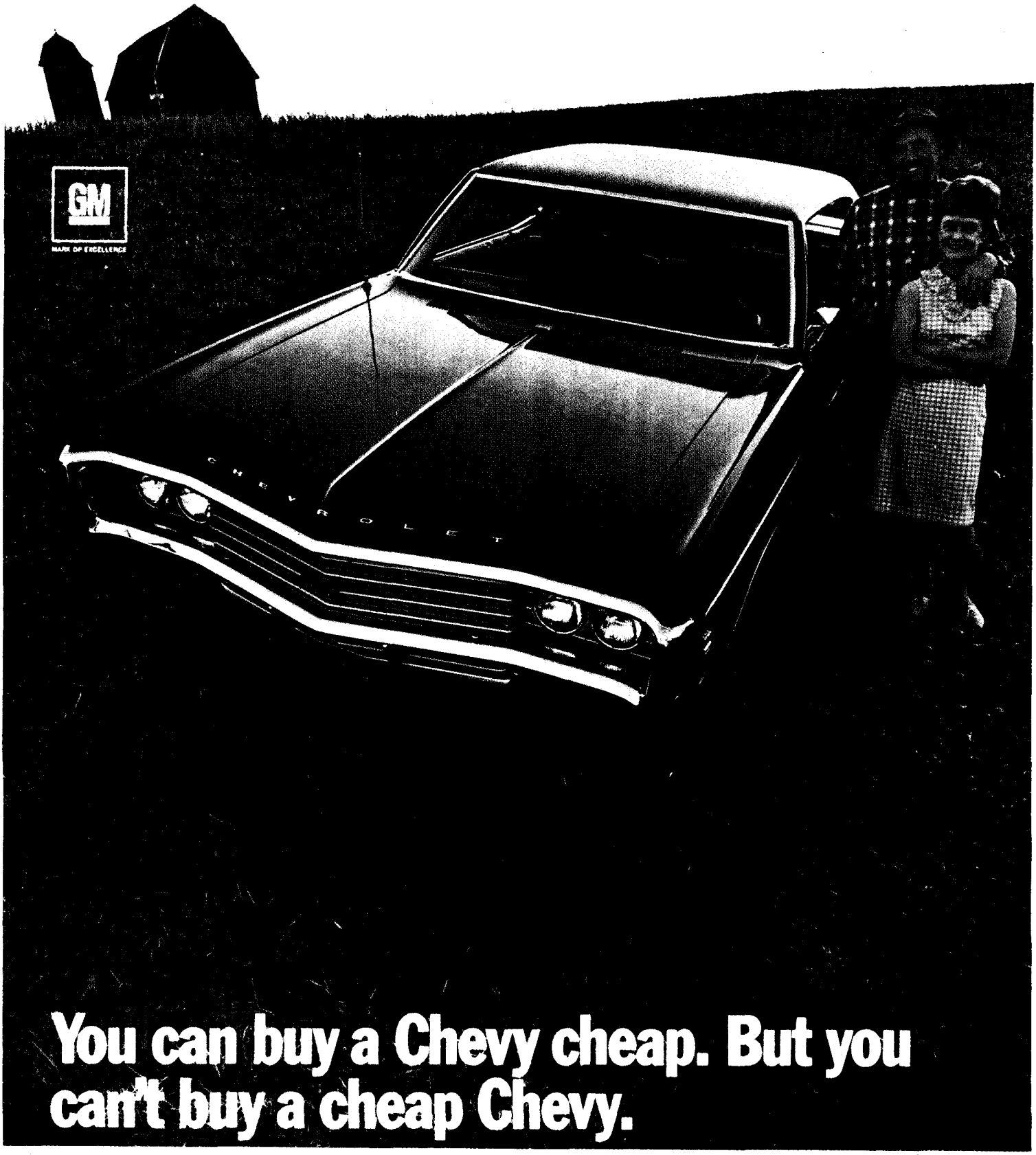

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A body attached to the frame at eight points with double-cushioned rubber mounts.

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Astro Ventilation.

An anti-theft locking system.

An extra set of fenders up inside the regular ones to guard against rusting.

Even an ash tray that rolls on ball bearings.

When you make a lot more cars than anybody else, you can afford to put a little more into each car you make.

Or to put it another way:

We can make a Chevy cheap.

But we'll never make a cheap Chevy.

Never.

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